Taxi Windows:

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By A.G.

I

Wood's loss:

Green flames, odors of the lost continent, kept in seething rumbles, cast in a taxi off the coast of Mexico; was it a real taxi or was it a dream of some flightless bird walking in the park that is a garden of delight, the place of your birth, of your seemly resurrection?

Wisdom and hate, so antipodal, one a wisp, a light of tangible metamorphosis windows, the other is a halt in the free movement of Space; a backward step into the known, a slip down the staircase of one million stars clanking in metallic whispers, screeches and horns popping; O the temporal changes, O the duties of the soul wrapped in yearning and weeping…

The story can't be told in one movement just like the jazzman can't sing you to sleep with one cigarette. The voice needs to be as raspy as a trumpet, blaring at the moment's great height, where a clergy is hung from a tree building-tall, behemoth, bohemian, tragic and damp in the cellar of listless ghosts grey in tears of salvation wandering along the dreary steps of the stonewall of Technicolor dreams —

Stanzas of glorious side-steppers yanking the string clothing, the loose tooth in bleeding gums, and your story is like mine, of mythic proportions, like dream and reality, like the fog who rests in your lungs changed from a brew of midnight air into a soothing, warm blanket of flux stretching the fibres of your lungs, attempting to kill you with sweetness and a soggy smog—

But you aren't frightened by Death, in fact, you've seen it fluting in the morning, at grey-dismal Dawn, with wings for arms and a melancholy droplet streaming from its deep eyes, but didn't it take you into its home and cook you a darling dinner? Didn't it call you by your real name and tell you to live for another eternity? Even Death sometimes doesn't want you. So live with it.

Hermetic knowledge suffocating the gentleman with a swan arc of prismatic sufferance; O the clergy, who hung in the morning sang sad songs to save their souls, hanging out to dry; who was the hanger? Who stripped them of their clothes, to ridicule them naked with hammer blows for cocks?

Yes. Plucked strings of heaven dilating like the pupils of the gods making faces at the earth, the earth so stagnant in her wanderings that she smells sheep in the dark and makes a bottle for the bluesman who riddles helpless ditties to the children of the swarm, children who make smiling tangents of the whirlpool that takes them in a green arm, a plumage of feathery silence, twisting like battery acids draining through the stomach… O you quiet clergymen, where are your robes, and are you saved now?

I was struck by the image of four sad maestro priests dangling from bubonic ropes, hung in preparation to herald the coming of the neo dark ages, ropes attached to the branch of an elm tree with gothic wings of mythical standing, so *Yggdrasill*, so pure. And who contests their untimely death? These holy men desired this public hanging, they were already dying. Even Jesus allowed himself to be nailed to his cross, the cross he carried with beads of sweat on his brow; so why is my image so dark, why is it so strangulating, so morose, sad, of a right blasphemy?

Maybe the image is clearer in my head than it is on paper. I saw robes piled together, moist with previous feverish yelps, with gases steaming in a deep, cowardly winter, and these naked icons hung from the great elm whose arms are holsters, whose action is a holocaust.

Each of the clergymen tells a story before he is hanged. Sermons to hell and back again. Resounding off the walls of the great cavern of ghostly fright, the tolling bells of eternity descending, transcending the pulp of a midnight train calamitous and straining to foam at the base: enraged. Bullfighters rounding in the cinema, waiting in line to see the mammoth-proportioned Minotaur in Rome, in Venice, in Dublin, in every city, people viewing the great spectacle, with spectres roaming and monocles attached. Binoculars raised to see the seedy putrefaction gnosis of Death and Belonging.

Even the dead want to make it to the coliseum for the show. The Minotaur, Daedalus, Ariadne, and Theseus, characters of the great Cretan labyrinth myth. Rain drips drop by inky drop, of blackest night and Cimmerian dusk borne; who would have thought that we could live this way, from taxi to fucking taxi through traffic, inch by delirious inch to the center of the city to find the American dream? It's in the people, and cities are full of people, so why not go there?

Pictures at an exhibition, Cubism, broken frames, rose petals scattered on the ground in cryptic formation, making a shrine where we can dine and babble all the way till 4AM where the string of Time is pulled taut, creeping stoically, in silent vigil, watching the watchers and the television.

Time is not a sinful beast. Time is a quiet king of lamentation. I'd make a bet that reality is not a sizeable morsel of existence, it's just the gleaming, mirrored surface of the lake, it's the tip of the

iceberg. Behind each reality pixel is a special formula, and it can be detached from the mainframe computer of omniscient omnipresence, ruled out as a drawn out plan of being and nothingness.

Watch as the images slip out of my mind and plunge into coercive reality on paper white, dripping in ink, letters sprawled sporadically, winking my stomach doom to pearls whose eye divine is an agate sensitivity. O learned spy, who and what made you a crooked imp? We watch from the inside of a globe that extends off to infinity, infinity in the mind having bounds and patterns gay: rolling on the hillside, mountains gape wide to include the fierce fury of contingency, and I rave on the rollers cuspidoring the lengthy spray of the gallows' grisly beak, beckoning a beacon for tomorrow's sorry stride gliding in pearl-white chunks of existency, funnelling down to the open stomach of the earth, a gorged trench, an inkwell of sterling black, a banner that unfurls *ad infinitum*, curiously treading on bilious waters green.

Plunge into the ecclesiastical depths of mourning. With windpipes agape, winded seaward gloom pronounced on a megaphone in letters of gold and silvery whispers drowned bitter in flames of disgust, and the wind too, gusting in proverbial breeze, lifts the cover off the jewels and makes a fool of me and an ass of glazed infinity who knows no reason, ruin, or calculated eminence.

You who glory-proud remit the ooze of the guzzling eye-winker, you who slap the folly from the inkling of shout, wrapped in brown robes surreptitiously aching in decisive ammunition. Who is the thunder-god who cleats tacks to the giver of the bustle? Who laps at the door with open rays of sunshine? O that spectrum of inter-color-fullness, that drab mannequin of roomy substantial effervescence. That diaphanous cloud, eerie in its standing, propped up in tanks of oily wisdom leaking from the cat's deep eyes, pools to the animal interior that negates humanity… that puzzling stare, so exquisite, so tunnel-prone—

The moon through clouded grey shines haloed, gimpy, and straying from the path all three Fate has it assigned. Junk amidst trees of autumnal foliage, dark, with a twinge of Prometheus' embassy, obliged to tellurian existence, by Jove, locked to a secret living room, spinning on this questive globe, blubbering like insatiate masses cataclysmic in burgeoning of bound emissive substratum proxy—with letters gladly whimpering stock-broker's law and tally rally sinking on earthly bosom.

It's the theory of the dawning of mankind, secured to the Taurus of glistening water trinkets, the bubbles in the sea-swarm of enlightenment and glassy dyad remittance stratagem. Oh, no, we can't enter the mouth of heaven until the planet stops moving; wouldn't that be a blast?

Sugar-coated prose for the layman's throat; inventive mother of peculiar stratification globules pronounced on the tongue of the forest with gloomy puppets for eyes laughing at the pimple of reality crutches, the ghastly-grey, punctured lung of blown-out, lesser forever wind-songs—propelled to negotiate a tangent for the children of the storm—

This is a song with no beginning like the white-water-wash of proficient reality digests, the raw punk of flesh torn from the mother's womb, strangled by Death, the illicit redeemer, the fishhook that within glades grips you fresh from red Samsara swamps, struggling to pick you from the tulip of the universal dream. Yes, you unholy spirit who hallucinates dead milkmen hung on clouds, nude, dying of bubonic mischief, plagued like a rat's tongue lashing with teeth sprawled in horrible bites—

Molest the strength of flowers doused in kerosene, with limpid grace befluttered on the puddles of red clay, dried in the sun to make a pottery queen, Dryads clustered in moments of gory insignificance, dry like the twilight ruminating on grassy festivities, with lightning as my spoil, throaty, blank, and defunct, high as the mighty sails whipping a broom's delight in twelve movements of dreadful trafficking —

Roots staving from ginseng rabbits, hosts of them on the coast which clearly stipulates the gross munificence of the wooden throughway where a mire is insipid in its opening; the reward is a walk in a park, near a forest, where mice play, and an exponential animal reign is heightened by perplexing puzzles of stone made eons ago midst a circle of reposing scorbutic hagfish and mountain denizens who strayed and were mixed among the trees, majestic in their magical demonology.

The ivorybill pecking at the stone circles, making a tick-tack noise of bluish, tense phraseology, spluttered on making a new name for woodpeckers, who dines on trembling bushes risen from dead fly meat in causal-straddling slap-face hostess of the dewy morn; briars touching the arachnid opiate, ropes pulled taut with Tommy-whiskers on the clawless cat's bedroom eyes.

Classless and free: together we may be. Great cause of the waterway financial agreement, talking backwards on the bunny's bad rap, with taxes in the bureaucratic senselessness, attacking the *misericordiam* of his next of kin, laughing as he staples a grin to his thin minute hideaway.

My limb of chagrin is stuffed inside a shoe-box where the littles hide in a bundle and a carefree summer instils my secrets with a flavor, where all else fails, in the night-time suffering, the gloom in my room at midnight crumbling like an avalanche, seriously frozen in a permanent stasis basin of unfurnished hopes, bare, laying in stagnant bowls, with dry flowers atop them flaming a futuristic glum motion of star-kin the flutter, the cages and my infinite wages of sensory battles humping Trojan missile launchers war battalion heart that in a shady wooded area crimps a somnolent mystery in the caverns of a host of despairs, licensed to you from Mars, and you float out in a vacuum shipped off to eternity in a whimper, a slogan that denotes my childlike cries, singled out on a night of the new moon, in limbo—

and what is it that makes us drowsy? Full of languor, catatonic shades of obscurity trembling like a flower/flame/interior coliseum where the dithyramb is played, the Tragedy/Comedy lessons in exactitude of existence, melancholy war Hero with four shields, four patterns, four ecclesiastic protagonists, and the first one speaks:

"We were riding downtown on a taxi, and the Montreal taxis aren't yellow, I don't think that they exist anywhere in the province of Quebec. We were standing at the gates of a personal hell, seeking the golden elixir, and a guide-dog came with three heads and asked us if we wanted to take the infernal taxi into the bottomless pit of anguish and dejection; Hades where The Goat-man will take us across the river Styx in a flying red canoe-taxi. I decided to go with him.

"What I want to focus on, in my death, upon my last hour, for I have contracted a disease known as The Meta-brain Psychosis, and I will go to hell to find the very concoction that will heal me, is the windows. All four of us have seen the same dreamy existence by-products, consciousness emissions, but in the window of the taxi we all saw a different shape. I am now ready to flow out of existence and so I asked to be hung on the great elm tree in the darkness with three of my fellow theologians.

"I saw the simple hair of geranium, Pelargonium domesticum, and the sclerenchyma fibers of a leaf of red oak. I see superficial contusions, subaponeurotic contusions, and subpericranial contusions on a globe of ivy. There is a huge traumatic cephalthydrocele or meningocele spuria traumatica.

"What happened is that we were all the four cardinal points of sad existence, of the language arts, namely: listening, reading, writing, speaking, Inception, Incubation, Inspiration, and Irrationality. I am the boy listening to the doctors, 'it's dementia praecox' voices of the madmen jumbled faces of old men probing you and mentioning lobotomies… I became a sufferer, and my affliction was a rare stigmata. I became a Priest of the Order of Ginnetho, which means his protection, his garden. Priests of His Garden. And his garden has been in trouble for quite a while. Infiltration of viral origins. Terrible plague. Meta-brain Psychosis ONE."

I said it was an image I had, a vision. It was a daydream, a reverie. But I find meaning in everything, even in taking a bath, it's ablution, purification, purgation. Magical salvation. And these characters searched Hades for an answer. They all end up being hung one after the other after each one tells his story. My story is insignificant.

Earth shackles, manacles of the battle of the senses. This is all childhood, the state of *listening.* You know not the childhood of the Meta-brain affliction. Mexican vistas with blue sky and scarlet moon drinking from the sky a thick liquid digestible—essence distinguished from other—and my license is a diligent persisting presence, calamitous, filled to the brim with enmity. But I only say that in writing, for I live with the totalitarian Father Unconscious who dictates stories to me which he downloads from the Main DNA of the And Clinic, the Because-Because, where he stipulates that it is written in the lines of the skull of the universe, and this Golgotha minute is drizzling out of existence as the banner of Time flips by, and when it flips no more, we have succumbed to inexistence, which is just as great & glorious.

What is written in the skull of the universe? It is written that I am an Artist and that I must perfect my art. The reason why I know nothing of. I am an effect and this is the catalyst that makes me what I am faster, quicker, improved, he gets truth from the reality pixels and I write out the truth that is found in my dresser, desk, piano, paintings. Yes! He makes me paint gothic architectural blueprints, dark and twisted and agitated like an Arabesque. The more one creates the more it all looks the same.

The And-Because is mixed with the novelty of creation. Damn it, the particles are fluttering so quickly like hummingbird wings that it distracts me from my art. I must extinguish anything that takes me away from my art, I am listening to the tones of the ephemeral notes of Time Passing, and in the transcending moment I can vex a set of articles, I mean, WRITE ONE, and continue on my path into self-knowledge, into self-love and gratification through production—

Another cigarette to finish the story. Sleeping child, faces from the outside. I can see pictures in the reverberation of the notes from the Time Clock that listens and glistens silently until when POOK

it slaps you in the face with a tick if Time is slowed down every eternity and if Time is normal every stinking second of the mirage into endless spirals of self-repetition—The CLIMAX!!!!!!

TECHNICAL DETAILS OF MOVEMENT:

Building a Scene Solely by Movement.

Methods: In building a scene to a climax, voice and tempo as well as movement are important. Our problem at the moment, however, is to practise building a scene by the use of movement only. Movement will build a scene if we increase the amount and size; change the value, placement, and tension; and use contrast.

The following is one arrangement in the use of these methods:

1. *Increase length of movement from short at the beginning to longer.*
2. *Increase number of people moving.*
3. *Use contrasting movement.*
4. *Use shorter movement.*
5. *Go from weak body positions and levels to strong.*
6. *Increase tension of the movement.*
7. *Use stronger areas.*
8. *Increase the number of people crossing one another.*
9. *Increase the amount of small movement.*
10. *Go from individual to group movement.*

II

Gods are less:

Theatrical heart with players strutting, now limping due to neurosis, and blatantly operose in the system of psychosis. There is a wave that occurs in Time, Time is made of waves. Timefold is when the banner of Time furls up as it goes on from eternity to eternity bleeding.

Action eats up time. Movement. Theatrics. A corridor has elapsed. A corridor of minutes? Yes, it moves in a wave, wavehoods plural, counteracting—the web of sliced human meat contraption, the movement of humans from incarnation to the next incarnation. Carnal knowledge, existence, plurality in the dominion of Time and Space and counterphysics acting in the string of the potential enigmatic song of reality in universal terms to the backbrain of metaphor and mythical genesis—

Stylised gothic trench schedule, rapping at the tack of the door whacking a fuss with a reiterated carnal decisive power that emulates throngship of duties to the steel carcass of the dead gods—we are limpid in a sea of queerness, we are established authors, but who reads us?

Spectral analysis of the sine-wave moon diaphanous in the kinship of summertime. Apples and oranges on the balustrade, illustrating a premonition of circumstance. Soil the moiled revolution, contradict the said verbal oasis, systematised in leaking information for the ones who rush in.

Back slang, talk of Dionysus, saint Dionysus in the clustered race of givens in the mathematical contest of sold societies, sold to the precinct as a story of Fenestra Dance lancing itself into the target of the whole, that one point, the Interinsurfaceable Spot of The Origin of Epiphany—

Where The Buddha sat, that Immovable Locality under The Holy Bo Tree. Voices in the back of the taxi, down the shafts of light, into the premium center of the galaxy, straddling a rocket down to the very depths of the reality question. Arrested in France for stealing doughnuts.

Shrubbery in every nook and cranny, dribbling greenness in the vertiginous springtime of frolicking in antipode to the fall, where I cracked my head over a side-block of pavement, metaphorically speaking, and tumbled into the winter of my dispirited discountenance.

Correlating data in systems of iniquity, grazed by love in circles of fondness, triangulated in a grove next to the mountain on a Saturday. We came, we saw, we conquered. We left a nickel by the telephone. I've written well over 300 000 words in a year and a half. Suffragettes dancing in the grim twilight, casting spells on the ruling of All Third's Eve: of biblical proportions and simpleton contusions.

Vivacity and courage in the blooming months of noon, tidy in sums up and half-empty-handed in a covenant, a glorious tribunal in the heart of a metropolitan hang-out, the taxis, the planes, the people, airports, and all that jizzer jazz dripping from suicidal trekers of the ethereal balance of the stars shining on this sombre night of too many hours, this laid-out happening jive-joint of lustrous capacity and vermin-free geography, three thirds a size too small.

Born in the under-realm of positive influx of attention particles to the dungeon of damp wishes stuck to an apple in the eye of the beast licking his lips with a plenty lap, laughing at the stars for being

so far-out. Look at that turbosupercharger! The reality interface is a holographic image of credentials & boxed in the self-same sufferance I see a treadmill go haywire in the second that the doorbell rings. Who is it this time? Oh, it's the verdict clamped to a doorknob, mystic in its entering. What are you up against? I'm up against the wall: feel my fingers as they fall to the floor in disrobed disgust or deserted dissertation—

The suffix of masked data behind the metallic curtain of reality. What's it, matter? The knot in the matrix of existential matter, careening noise mufflers parading in lanky sashes, whispering a whisker of cat-in-a-hat external manifestation, of biblical proportions, neglected in a wafer of cudgel, wasting a biblical hour on television, neurosis stationary—

Digesting the real ivy matter, the exponential soup drive, the reflex action of pain and sufferance in the eyes of the withholders, granted I never went to Disney—I hold the sceptre and the isle, I am great Telemachus!!! No, I really isn't. I really ain't. What is *IS*?

Reflection on the matrimony of islands in the sea purity, weathers ago I slept in a ranch that held mirrors of tarnished glassy presence. The islands are imaginary, in fact, so is this entire slumber party. What is reality, you ask? It is a play in four parts. Part one is: 1. Body position: If all the members of a group take the strong one-quarter body position and one takes the weaker three-quarter, or full-back, position, by sharp contrast alone the weaker position becomes emphatic. 2. Area: If all the members of a group take full-front body positions in the DC area, and one takes the full-front body position in the UL area, by sharp contrast the weak area becomes emphatic. 3. Plane: the example under 2 also serves as an example of emphasis through contrast for plane. Down center area is a downstage plane; up-left area is an upstage plane. 4. Level: the actor prone on the ground or sitting when the remainder of the group is standing will receive emphasis by sharp contrast. These are examples of the use of contrast in each of the four parts of the play, but this is a side-view of the plot—lateral dimensional plane—

Convex reality half-sphere. What are those 4 elements? For what? It all depends what constitutes whatever you have in mind. Before being 'in mind' you may be 'of-mind' of the And-Because can coliterate an obligatory gnosis notion. Of-constituents. The matter is at hand! To seek? yes, we are constantly seeking no matter what the forever is after, or the leading hand punchjab is a slap in the face to the too-early facial opponent in guitar playing when his whiskers are glittering in the limelight of exterior connotation rap, Randle the dandy Handle is a buttercup for Mars Legion Command Post—

I see a wolf in the painting on my right. I just got the flip-switch, that's when you are facing a direction and everything around you flips on its axis, you are upside-down-facing-the-opposite-direction-entirely. You flip-switch locative positioning (in the realm of Space). North becomes South in its generic make-up. Genetic stake-out. DNA finished downloading from the main CPU. UPCANDY, why? Is a letter. What are you made of you degenerate combustion motorcycle?

Lateral locality, polar retinue—BODY POSITION, AREA, PLANE, LEVEL—all in contrasts—the play is acted in its components. Each movement is a part of its temporal and spatial design. Geography, topography. This is priest #2, he is sad. His notion of conglomerates is a seizure in the arrest of latent morsels of mastication numerals on the dial in the face of the clock of the genetic glue of the universe imploding in casual wreckages of Time and Space, dilapidated—

Now I am reading. That's the second stage in evolution of languages. Listening, Reading, Writing, and Speaking. Thinking is the motive force of the evolutionary avalanche. We move sideways, conjunct. Wisdom always leaves a mark on a society. Passion is part of the execution of art. Language arts are divine, or viral, depending on your layman's twitch or moral perversion: what seat you stand in when you watch the movie of words frame-by-frame moving sideways in the lunar landscape of a movie house in the federal district of Time, the red bleach in the hands of the causal warriors in a battle against Red Mars, the locale of the bureaucratic armies, for expansion into space is purely a business interest—

I have just been informed that we all live in the eternal moment, not in Time. We live ahead, anticipating each moment, or lagging behind, but we are all coinciding exponentially. How many pears are there in an apple orchard? There could be millions, but most likely, I'd say there were trillions. It's the bell shape, it's everywhere, it's chaos, man, don't you dig chaosmics?

And so speaks Priest number two:

"I am speaking on the behalf of the Order of Ginnetho, Priest of Ginnetho I am. I was sent on a mission to discover the bottomless profundities of the mouth of heaven. Deep in its belly was I to descend twirling in infinite spiral plunge.

"We have been summoned here on this grave eve, to make ministrations to the literary world. We are trying to capture exactly what happened to us on the days leading up to our collective death to find out the mythic proportion of the gates of heaven and salvation, to denote the process by which souls escape material existence, to hear our voices fading as we are executed, as they are being executed by the pushing force of Time and Space and Wisdom and quasi-Divinity: we priests must make this last sermon on Mount Severest, on Mount Cyanide Death—

"I was meandering in the city streets seeking the mouth of heaven, the point at which one makes first contact with heaven, and this can be done while you are living, and can cure all illnesses. We of the Order of Ginnetho are masters of Spectralist Pixellation: the poetry of the friars of the garden of protection. We must save the world from the Meta-Brain Psychosis, or The Plague, Consciousness, perhaps even Existence and Pain, yes, Pain Immaculate.

"My Initiation was made over the course of the last several years. I was first diagnosed with Meta-Brain One in 1977. But fuck the past, I'm living in the Now. Here I was wandering the city streets in their neon cacophony, bright-lighted, glorious, methodical plastering of waves onto reality pixels, from string form to pixel—and it all broke. I was pulled out of existence, passing the threshold of physical manifestation, transcending all 4-dimensional universal reality. I had had all the possible human experiences, or actually, all ten dimensions of human experience were filled at an exact level for each. I entered a 10-dimensional reality, and my brain was stretched. Then it appeared.

"A gleaming green taxi popped out of the framework of the stars, of their origins in a higher dimensional plane, and it all made sense: I was to find the elixir and return to earth and my normally functioning reality. Exiting reality is only half the voyage. This is where God, or All-purposeful Thought Matrix, rubs on me and in coming back it slips from my consciousness into the void of this physical realm and cures the Meta-Brain Psychosis. This was just an hallucination. The true voyage has yet to begin. I have returned to earth, to my city walk, from a daydream and I have to wait for Lazarus to call.

"I have been awaiting my death for several months now and so I made a pact with the other priests. We are to die, hanged from the great elm tree, totally naked and preach ourselves to death in front of a thousand people screaming and wrestling in wars that were created by our religion. We are the Anarchist Society of The Lozenge. Lazarus calls, all is lost now. I am shrinking. This is the era of reading, of Incubation of Ideas. I refused Lazarus' call the first few times and each time I grew smaller till I fell through the spaces in the molecules of the earth and in the wet serenity I took a green taxi to The Garden of Spoils where in the taxi window I saw the glandular hair of geranium and the xylem of a red oak leaf. Its base or root is directed backward, and connected with the os hyoides by the Hyo-glossi and Genio-hyo-glossi muscles and the hyo-glossal membrane; with the epiglottis by three folds (glosso-epiglottic) of mucous membrane; with the soft palate by means of the anterior pillars of the fauces.

"I remember all of this from the books I've read. I am the stage of Incubation of Ideas, I am the stroke of genius at midnight, reading, ticking like a primordial clock, I am the branch of the great elm tree whereupon I stand beneath it on a stepladder and ready myself for spontaneous death from hanging. Dream and reality mingle in a panoply of wonderment, as banal as that is."

It's Christmas, it's time to make it to Autumn. No, back up, I said that wrongly. Turn out the lights. The death sermons go on, this is just a beginning. And in all beginnings is truth and complex DNA-strand of reality mixed in a soup of origination. Point A: square one.

Basle's wizard is a conical server. I feel ya, Ophelia. Yet a dingo is in town when the stomachs of the horses churn to make the brown. Polls of the dips curio. Epiphany in green. If the twilight wasn't fair enough I had a tinge of macro-rose unguent in my left jeans pocket of my trouser-pants—

Mythos, pathos, what's the deal? I just struck a severed wheel. Blank and ashamed of a clearly forgotten social conditioning, lost in the battle of the senses, in metaphysical relapse into depths of being, sadness, curiosity, pathology, wisdom yet—

Yet it ain't. What can I say in whatever language form or social reprimand, what's the difference between left and right anyway if there is no person, no I? No Mother Navel, World Navel, and cats dream so they have mythology then? Yes, personal myths, heck, cats might have a Bible in their eye movements and facial expressions, though slightly limited but cute, so why worry?

I remember it all now, the dances in my prime on paper boxes of war. Wordy, wordy world: a patent on the idea of calamity and sacred literary dungeons? The verdict is out, we are all lies in this saliva occupation, this dripping regurgitation of slime oozing on the promontory of Time the Holy Deceiver: and all is listless like a ghost, lethargic as a hippopotamus, phlegmatic premonition bead, slid in to third with an eye-beam in his countenance, a direct manifestation of the proverbs of biblical

exodus… or the great bus to exodus of Nathan Foxhire in HIS youth, his salvation, his dream reality, or mine?—

Metonyms and metaphors in the pouring of a bowl of cereal by a mother for her child: the metonym is the action of pouring which represents all her motherly actions, cleaning, cooking, etc. and the metaphor is of the love and security she provides her children.

Brynge mee the kynge, foreever yn the sawry twyne—legato streams in shifting tides of grey hopes and desires replenished in the sea of continuity, the dismal array of covenants prone to diaphragmatic bewondering in the list of whistles in the pricky pockmarked signs of reuse and deftly apt carousel dinners in the stormy night of reality entrails leaking in my enlightened buckbrain—

Gush forth you irritable snake! Mean miles make more of a theatre snore before the lore of Thor and his sky rockets of the past and heart. Love is the ocean you cross in your grave. I'm a metaphysician, I bake blisscakes. Futurism in the lining of the stars, corrupted and deified, conglomerately frozen.

What with minced words make the artists of the blood a mean reality of sense? Malaise, malaise, the daughter of my ghost of shame. She rises in intrepid wonder, blissful in the night of all changes. She lights the way with a torch of grease, and lifts the veil to peek at God masturbating to the television. This is new mythology, this is truth sub-incised. Male womb wooing the cawed clocker.

Integral semiotics list of functions in signs:

Functions of significance:

referential: referring to some content;
metalingual: suggesting the codes within which the sign may be interpreted;
formal: its formal structure and format;

Functions of address:

expressive: its construction of an addresser (authorial persona);
conative: its construction of an addressee (ideal reader);
phatic: its construction of a relationship between addresser and addressee;

Contextual functions:

the social situation in which the sign operates.

III

Timelessness:

Trojan war-horse, universal calamity of songs and dressed in might we forsake the bilious reality of the swarming sun-goddesses, the conversation and communion with the deification matrix. Forever endless and free: The Stone God of Sufferance.

No more heart to heart discussions of extant philosophies. Sometimes just talking about the taste of an apple is greater than all the world's philosophies combined. Juicy. Soft. Crisp. Tart. The genesis of artistic creation. A bus to exodus. Exodus from newfangled war-cycles.

Get out of your triangulation, step back, take a turn on the Ferris-wheel, hump the jacket off a young Creation Gal, down on the tumbles of a massive heartache digestion of computational marvels at the screen of the glassy alcove of reality betterment. With pixels on the side, totally edible.

Onion spongette. Calypso singers in the den of All Time's Night, the forever feeble entr'acte of feasible iniquity, starling bustle in the cosmos, broken into severed parts, the holiest of the holy, Marches at the Gun of the Stop-flusher—

Sarcophagus of Time Negligible: operating under code-name 'Johnson'. Imprisoned in a wash of taxi windows, bucking the steel crate that's moving in the crux of the city map, streets meandering, left, right, oh, we're living in a diagram.

Steel framework, broken talk, framed in an iron battalion of the war of movement. I'm a time traveller: I make dates for myself in the future when I will think on the past when I wished I could travel to the future, and I did, because here I am in the future dwelling on the past when I wished I could travel into the future and every second is a voyage on the string of time, bouncing—

A is for Asymptomatic Diagnosis, B is for Bubonic Hyper-realism, C is for Cranial Lucidity Excesses, D is for Divine Order of Consciousness, etc. The point of the priests' sermons is to denote the process of disappearance from physical existence: all four of them decided to be hanged from an elm tree

to be kicked off the stepladder in the middle of their sermon to find the traces of death in their monologues. You have to keep that unconscious childlike flavor in your mental stature.

Think of a mountain path. At first the mountain has no set path and the more you tread in one direction the more it becomes a clear pathway. If you're just hiding in the bushes, no path is created. Writing is to my profession as singer is to mountainhills.

I think I'm tubercular. Gods are less. Wood is in the building, secrets are tangled in a mesh of eerie fabrication. My family is against me: I am alone. E is for Excelsior Whim, F is for Febrile Machination, G is for Ghastly Grey Mind of Twisted Complacency Tombs, etc.

Green imbroglio of feverish ties to a reality that is a subversive clan-heist into a dreamy void of caution in the night of all trades, Jack included, and the tangled fire of war is a tangent on the communicability of inherent struggles and falls from animalistic reality to mankind pomp-glass vases streaming; O the times, the moral upheaval, the war with minced words moving—

Collegiate mystery, vastness of conscience in the times of the warlord's budget cuts, the vans that race the vats of acid that flutter into your eyeballs, glassy, glossy, wide acres of stomach into which the bowels of cybernetic jissom collaborate into seasons of abysmal junk faces, with old man beardless causing a tide to ebb and flow with his semen, yanking stars awry, couldn't have said it more Cubismally —

Wirbelwinds floating in cesspools of female unction, that duodenumnic central vacuity, the pleasure/cause of reality/means digitally balled in cushions of vacant cessation and numeral dogma triangulated in sufferance and dreamsteam, self-preservation in the mire of disastrous pockets plunged into the daughter's vastness, the charm of her loins groaning for clefts of yearning—

Smoke circles out of my mouth, feels dry on the out-take, and I submit myself to no raw pleasures, just a sincerity of stark naked communion with god-entities who particularly float through the waste of my cigarette puff, the outage, the outflowing ridicule of steam puzzles, smog in a lengthy brawl boiling with iniquity, lifeless hunger to feast on the meaty avalanche of carnal reincarnation—

The wheel of flesh rolling westward, sky high, lumbering in the cognitive reality bus or matrix of insatiate combustibility, flagrant in delirium, stomaching the burden of leaves that rust in cleavages burnt in crispy void of longing for the scent of cupidity, stapled on a gunshow where the material inexistence is a puzzlemaster's game, it's all one long pornographic video—

I've been locked inside a temporal vortex. I am both the seer and the scenery. The synchronosity of the moon and of the sun blinds me peddle in the puddle of the blooming river of tears, cold and unashamed, blackened, *terra firmal*, glutinous and shaved like a puppy root—

Impetro vacuum, wrists slit in the making of a man; *Infero*, not inferno, in the laying of a wreath in the sea of stupidity. Massive head-wound, massiveness of stars. *Infinito ipsa.* My doggone days, dazed and contused of the contumacious conundrum—

Yeats is pronounced Yates, Keats is feets, and who cares what? Cities or relaxation, pennies in the doorway of stars, with plural contamination of corsets and calamitous wanderings in the river of streams, the door to netherworlds, the country singing in the yodel of my man, the man who gives me my fix, in the river, in the Styx, with lots of sauce on the supper, lots of country in the proverb of my sung reality, doorstep, doorstop, doors in the mire of reticule red enmity, calling the cosmos to the Easter of polarities—

On the way out, smoke is a concentrate of war essences. What's a blanket of ashes to the diocese interment of financial reprisal? I am a ghost sleeping in a tent of fiery nothingness. Ah, yes, the fires of hell burn quietly in my mind and form reticent pockmarks of seriousness enlightening—

The lining is a systematic propulsion of dividends rolling on a thunder bay racked with petals for tomorrow's union dance. Strings plucked in winter with tomatoes in the surge of steel covenants browsed by the hunger we meet when we silver see the gold munificence of gods—

The ghastly greys have taken me in ways that I can't relate to in my definition of perplexed metamorphosed reality nibbling. I can reset the digits as the givens in the formulae and as nothing steers clear of catastrophe, I am left agape and forewarned, or destitute.

Adult minds, confined in their primes, numbers everywhere making up everything, constituting the fragrance of joy in the latent mirror of effervescing moon devices, corrupt in shields of gay atrophy, a collision with a nazi truck, you're in trouble now, get the boots off the shoes—

I see the whole spectrum of color perfectly balanced whenever I open my eyes. When I close them I see targets. You can philosophise on everything being nothing or nothing being everything or sitting in one spot meeting everyone or moving in perpetuation towards a self-same goal—you're already moving, breathing, walking, so why not add a main direction?—

It's my main addiction. Central narration. Social condition. Rural approbation. Contamination, growing, moving, damn it, the thoughts are the same whatever you're saying or trying to say or preparing to enter the realm of preparation to prepare, it's all the same text in different contexts—

Activation of the senses in neural bedworks of frolicky trekking—pepper works fly guy—a duality in the making, stringing the stroke of stroking the keynotes of the pleasurable consensus ring linear on a bottle of vegetarian lasagne—even Scriabin developed a theory of ultimate synthesis of all the arts with the aim of inducing states of unutterable mystic rapture—

A scribble for the horizon, catching the sun in two moods three. We left there quite a month ago and landed rather north of here. Puzzled, reluctant to advertise glee: a moment for you, a coffee for me. Who would have known we could make a team?—

I've got more teeth than Jerry Lewis, I've lifted the rear of the golden lotus—take it in with a signified languor, dream of Lethe and her summer petals of druid steam, penetrated with a coaxial waxing of flow, opposite ebb and wane, with whiskers of summer flow petrified on the shadow horses—will you build me a ship, will it be the greatest vessel to have seen daylight from its interior cabin of dark?—

Without a license. Drunk on the road, dead eyes like a duck's narrow slits. Sliding like a penguin kangaroo. An elephant mouse. What if I said it was a show of non-ado? A no-show? Ah, you would be wildered to the cramp's crux, liver-green in the lustrous cabalistic ruin tune—

The coast of waking, lax in its upheaval dilemma strike, pad, warm houses of putrid undergrowth, lax in its custom finance, reeds of the beat banana boat. Reflux of infidels, laughing at the gardener's rail, wailing fast hunger on the corner store rap, stomped on for giving—

What if I red ran an animal up to the cage on the upside the D-side of B-ness and luckily I found a natent avidity of fulsome punch and whip of art attachments, like the *Imagiste* door hanglings bustling from every reality minuet, the heart behind each pixel, the pixels that dilate and cure me of my psychosis, in my mother tongue—O the seal of listless swam, the potent liquid of my ain't isness—

This is automatic writing, all of it. Figurative deconfiguratingly operational and glum glubbers, hiding in the country of lost compassion and listless congrats of the duty train. Bubbles off the steamship waiting for the rain to puddle in the mire; last droplet of stomach to the greenery of shout, lasting in the minutes to the coast of endless desires, the shore of lake and imperative relaxation method—

My shit is her middle name. Straddles the fuse of the gaze to morsel a teeny tiners off the cluck of fingers hollow, damseled in the Grecian winter of stone decisiveness, clustered in matte finishes of doom's day gratuitousness, finality in a drink, oozing on the living-room floor of infinity carpet—

Rolling the rollers who rock the rockers back. That is whack, Mac. I travelled the four quarters of the world in-cornered on a ranch, bleached and covenanted, where we led a life of charm in the rings of golden sufferance, the conglomerate pen-tissue entity, wasted like the lands of the under-realm, the busted clank of steel shrubs, the mirrored surface of a lime headlight, watching the news at 3AM—

We must capture the point when someone slips out of consciousness. Physics mechanisms, toppled off with seedy rifts casually numbered to the Greek Statues limber and long with coarse hairs for muck muching the duchess who lists her lovers on a piece of clover leaf, nestled in her atomic bra with puzzles writ on the medicine for ope—

Materials that we use in making clothing may not be constituted in part by the morsels of tangent waves signing the columns of rope-heavy dither dams dirtier than the last created reality smudge wherein the summer lies, wherein the blithe fall stakes a treatise lithe with summer intent, awaiting cool winter in her diaper of winter muck—what else is there in the world of writing but the unfathomableness of automatic writing?—or is there anything more beautiful than chaos in the perfect rolling of the creation wheel?—

Parallel independence and culture management. Creatures smite the night whilst I lay waste in my nocturnal decay, faking a malady to oust the puppet from the seat of purity. Or an anti-poverty legion hosted *Amphithryons* away, god-ass-backwards in a world upside-diddley-down—

People are scared to try and understand Freud. They are afraid to unveil their nakedness. O hello o' hell calling! Climaticised in lunges off the coast of New Mexico where the daughters of Time

fill my cup flying on roundhouse caterpillars, those who know nothing of a prime iniquity, doused in the kerosene of my lamplight, burnt crisp at the edge of a new millennium—

Turns of toil, lingering on open moments, clad in ispisses of the isthmus' house, fallen like an angel dying in the country of all tower's eve, with hunger as a catalyst to revolution, with special powers like Atlas who holds the great revolving ball of dirt on his shirttails costing him a million sweat beads per hour, a thousand shitpants per second—

Watch it descend on you like a catapult, extirpating you like a grand fandango dancer, like a clown; you rebut with fisticuffs, he fights back with shackles strong, steel veins of limber finance, fiscal strength of unbuttoned trousers of medicine, where the health clinic is a jailhouse, and society makes the madman a scapegoat, to laugh and to scold till we all grow older and older and older, fuck!!! They lash out with jihad balls of flame, we lash out with McDonaldisation, world cucumberance, doused in ready-made ignition fluid, masked in the turned earth of collegiate mystery, O the dousers, O the great white pinky-toe—

Burning in the infinite Passion of the stars, clustered in equal reigns, bound by Timeless Glue, with all the components of animality and nature closely entwined in a great schema of illusory contaminants, a gentle glare of an embossed reality present in perception and illustration of global sensory derivatives—takers and shakers in alliance with Mercury, dancing mercurial death to the doses of the gnosis particulars, or angst givens of anti-disillusionment, fenestral and candid in remonstrance of beauty parlor 3-finger digits of lost allowances; O the threnody we sing to the latent criminality wand who *Our Deus* waves in the fleshèd face of madness-bustling reticulators of vanity in humanity; O the Glory of His Highness, flowering—

The working title of this book: "THE INTERSCRUTINANCY OF PREPOSTEROSIVENESS AND MORSELISTIC-ENGLANTICISED RUMOROLOGY."

Third dying, militant circumlocutor:

"I left home around noon today. Time seemed to flow slowly, and a minute was an aeon in my perception of the world. Divinity, humanity, severity of moment; all things clashed in a megapolitan rumination of global ties riveted and glossy in the interior. I collected myself and made way to where Fate had me bound, took the train from my rural origin making my way to the urban wasteland destination.

"The train ride was meditative. I realised something: I am Inspiration. There came upon me a Time of Extreme Silence. I was in the city of dreams when my head opened up and an eagle took my brain into the heavens where I was given a seat at The Table of Gods. We ate the crumbled cookies of Fate, and I took a taxi back to earth. What did I see in the window, you ask? Time: present, past, and future. North, South, East, West. The four cardinal points. The four I's of the I. I saw the branched hair of mullein, Verbascum thapsu, and the phloem of a red oak leaf…

"I say that within this star-taxi I saw a great swarm of things. I see a catharsis of negligible neuroses cataclysmic in their proponent causation riddled with a remittal guilt of a piecemeal twinkling staged in three parts by a waker who dabbles in nighthood further clad in shanks of metallic whispers—do-little dogmatic thought potentiators who glide the real day lesson into a customer's bland reticule, fussed of blastness vast and listless in the park of vicinity peculiar daughters of rain.

"Of all four stages of human life, I am the great white shark: I am the eater of the lotus, I am the languorous finger that points to the stars, and I eat the stars too. O taxi window that leads to the heart of mankind! I see stars and galaxies entwined, beauties of the Warsaw Constituency! And what is that? It's the pact we made with each other to be hung in death speaking a sermon of endless rap to the dawn of a new era that will see the closure of The Meta-Brain Psychosis which plagues us all."

Close curtains temporarily.

Religion is believable, that's its inimitable success. Mathesis of effulgent gnarledist rootism. Banal fury in the eyes of my gods unruly, who stomp on the holy ground with fists of madness and cured systems of glory in the night of all trades, the glades of war where funnies roll their thunderous clamps, winking eye-bespectacled doom with ivory tusks waved intrepidly to the dumbness of numbness collectivism—and the fury writes a great Tragedy where rulers rhyme quaint securities to the whole charade of gloom that puzzles the birds on the wires of Death, and I am meted a idolatry complacent in its habitude, lumbering gross stabilisation in the deafness of proud luggers of fame vehicles—

Continuance of sable wisdom launched in a carousel of infinite vice and lunging roundhouse catapults who surge the wafting littles of skin-shedding laughable in eastern circles taut in inflammatory neural-beds where the sufferance of a nightingale is disaster-prone and hysterical mad naked—

Future lingerings will vacute the AUM of nothingness pinched in an hourglass, pocked and cleared in the nasal spray of housing geysers. Were we not helpless seamen, we would gather the ropes and tie the old men in their hour of Death to the elm tree of Yggdrasillic boundless freedom of speech where rhymes are reasoned and fallacies shape a covenant to the angels of human-shaped dungbarrels; ah, the shapes and sounds unholy, Cerberist, clanking metaphasic cesspool formation—

The gladder you stagger, the money you blow on the honeys, with more to nothing indebted than to the closest star whose mystery is continuously furled; nothing is valid in this reasoning, and this is nothing but a walk in the park of all third's day, half fifths, four times four, times five—

The Theory of Political Propaganda:

Propaganda rose to transitory importance in the past whenever a social system based upon the sanctions of antiquity was broken by a tyrant. The ever-present function of propaganda in modern life is in large measure attributable to the social disorganisation which has been precipitated by the rapid advent of technological changes… Literacy and the physical channels of communication have quickened the connection between those who rule and the ruled. Conventions have arisen which favor the ventilation of opinions and the taking of votes. Most of that which formerly could be done by violence and intimidation must now be done by argument and persuasion…

IV

Broken puddles of Lethe:

Mean and lithe, the river of my tears, sweet forgetful men in dreams size the flagrant delirium of the fabled entr'acte, the interlude of antediluvian reign over past particulars of verb and oasis, targeted in the lore of yore where the yoke is the butt of a joke, jocose la morose—

Form versus positioning. Locative unity in ancestral products of given reality mumblings: the madman at his best, in his most logic *logos*, however vile and reputedly viscerally contaminated. He is corrupt, he sees black when there is white: his eyes' pupils are completely dilated, he must be wicked mad, yes, wicked mad is He.

Yumyum the Benu-bird. Prophylactic axis. I vent a meatier meat than meets the visionary eyeball. Cascades if gloom in roomy venues rhyme the ballistic burble with a mix of collectivist practitioners—sizy wastelands continue the big rut of muscle-spasms wrapped in a sheet of fatty acids, limpid in a goo of ambient Phernaphercyst's Columbinite, feisty—

Converging cycles of the meat-wheel incarnation dance. Shiva be thy dancing prancer. Cruel murder in the minds of the assailants, customised in the linear advancing of the penumbra, that dark tint that evades lighted *hoof-troop* calamity moss, that sort of gooey lint that comes from the horse's mouth—with teeth showing a crooked sneer, an entirely phlegmatic equine particular expression.

Episodic reality memoirs. As a writer is the Scandinavian tabulator of digested universal stigma stimulus. Or just a concentricist of a wide circle. Chronicler of the *Chronos.* The chronometric animation of the medieval transport system xyloid sprocket rolling indefinitely—

Timepiece blunder-wonder innerworks movement incorporated in the wayward consummation travel trux, lipped in the giver's raise where his arm is an infinite cogwheel of timeless Time's Time, Time-and-a-half, quiescently frozen on the dreary bleakness wisdom of *L'Horloge d'antans*—

Ecumenical traps switching the railworks of seedy peril and amazement. Viscous and acidulous mendacity. Rotten brain. Black bile resurfacing. Sarcophagus of limited distribution of neural mapwork, trapped in sequinned numbness of brain lesion, the carophag is eating my automobile.

The feline carnage is a febrile tenacity of tenuous bewilderment. Stagnate agnostic grillwork make feasible the pyramidal deconstruction of sold-out party wafers, the likes of the denigrates who live in a house of re-mustered flash falsification. Neither have the wild vapours and mild humors of tongue-stricken riverose supper tents where a hamburger is edible at half the cost of production in a restaurant. This is what you get with McDonaldisation: you get cheap labor and cheap foods and cheap cheapness. Boil the humors and you get a sanctimonious reverberation of constable tarts, eaten in the world's gross tactic of milking lactation, the fever of the largest mammal who foils the flipper to the ghost's Martian hiatus—the deconcerting reality is that of a masked matte finish opaque in its constitution, and illness is not a constitutive reality of the diminutive presence of causality and warm warnings of lustful parks—

A fermented junction of positive influxification of spiritual finances straddled by the cost-effective screen of dilatory elation, time-wise constrained and dazzle-prone, with whistles for punctuation and wheezing sirens for a monument of collective eremite deliverance.

Incendiary celebration of consumptive diagnosis with potential viral contagion in the midst of an usurious festive contemplation underlining regal *excubo* ravelled in a web of mitigation files. Absolve me, you stormy gust, ball-bearing dynasty of acclimatisation excellence! Trample my body in rustic preference of speed and tinker trades; wimples prod carriages within the compartments of principle ether prosecution, vexed in the main riddle of existence, that plaid vernacular angst wisdom—

Mean belittling suchness stamped on hallowed ground for pastel. Sake of withering, slithered a concomitant enterprise—what is it? Ah, the nether-realms of dutiful collaboration organised for letters that speak a half-glimpse talk of charity and laxity flux, travelling on the clinical proportionate reticence of glum Tragedy likened as to a state of opacity where clouds rule over mice-men—

One thing I disdain in the media is their infallible knack at giving only one specific perspective on everything. And they never tell the whole story, they just tell what will get them higher ratings. I could go at great lengths to compose a global refutation of every little trinket of reality that I abhor but then I'd be succumbing to my postnatal angst and perpetuating a propagandist tale much like the ones of the aforementioned mob (the media). I'll just leave it at that.

The preliminary basis fluent in blaspheming rents the corollary status in a catharsis of the human spirit. Writers can't escape words like *of* or *the*. It's nearly impossible. Mechanical beast with gaping teeth, a riddled sneer that comes quite near to blasphemous mouse-trapoholicism.

Snide remarks make vast a cast-off pirate in his availability and portentous in his ring of charm. She's awful treacherous, I can't seem to get a feel for the provinciality of her demeanor. Sit for a minute and absorb the animal spirit in your human humor. The spirits of glass, knocking.

The Seven Wharves: Dissolution, Kerosene, Humanity, Gloom, Flowers, Seclusion, and Passions. And Whitelocks strolls from the harbour with fish in hand, demonstrating that beatitude of long-lost federation between kinfolk.

The return across the threshold from the Divine to the Mundane. Being regurgitated from the belly of the whale. The raven has hacked up the golden ring/fleece. The Elixir! Let us not lose this precious gift of the gods: let us carry it in the womb of our minds, forever *ad infinitum*.

Post-hermeticism, operating under the code-name *'Hell's Fire'*, was created in the year 1999 by a young Anglo-Franco-North-North-American Canadian lad, 6'4", when he decided that he would live as a recluse reading and writing books for an entire summer. Post-hermeticism is the autumnal season which is qualified by profuse aftermath bleeding of thought/poetry onto plenty-paper-white.

A blurred Gothic painting style notorious for its use of Gothic Architectural Concepts made its inception in the 20th century by the pen of a young merchant of fevers when he lost his mind to a blaring delirium and started making sketches to keep his sanity, which he kept henceforward (the sanity and the sketches alike were kept). It's a neo-Gothicism in a vague form.

Apoplexy of the deterrent monocular Episcopal sewage rat who thumbs a needle into his ribs with a fact of viral concentration; the black bile, melancholia, dripping through the blood on a lymphatic tugboat, pumping anti-mania through the circus of the veins, back to the heart for reuse and redistribution. O the manicure, the hopeless despondent heart of senility and vile tepid waters afloat on a raft of causation, purled in consequence to the aphorism of life descending like night curtains dark and bleak—

The flame is my birth, water is my rebirth. Break a window that you created to show your distance from your art, that's creative. Paint the broken fragments, that's art. At the same time that art deserves to have no rules, it requires that left-brain dictatorial authority.

I think I've reached a point where almost no one understands what I say. And it's just going to get worse and worse in Time; it's a downhill drive, I can put the stick-shift in neutral: I'll just blab on and on without thinking too much about it, living in a sort of unconscious intelligence.

I just dropped a cigarette and it landed standing up. Such occurrences frighten me in the sense that in chaos swims order, infinite order; repetitions of sequences of structure, always spiralling within themselves, reiterating truth and existence in all possible forms, and these cosmic patterns make me realise that I am nothing more than a well-programmed iteration of the Reality Minuet, song of reality. The Nothing is everything. Everything has Nothing in it. Nothing is everywhere.

The mythical landscape again I'm King Midas and everything I touch turns to shit. Every particle has a nothingness which surrounds it infinitely surrounding in concentric circles. Infinitely profound, infinitely small in a universe that is a cocoon birthplace superhighway—

In the sea of possibility, of chaos and life, there ARE patterns, boundless archetypes recurring. The process of creation is to manifest the unmanifest, to bring forth into existence the sea of tranquil

nothing. So there are infinite points in the timeline of movement from unmanifest to manifest, hitherto unrealised, and these points are similar to the points in the motion of life to death. There is a point when you are half-alive and half-dead, you are dying, or are you living your last breath?

There are no Absolutes. I will explain both how there are and there aren't. Nothing is anything. What happens is that things are in a constant state of flux so you can say that something is something, as this table is a table, but one moment later the table is another totally different configuration of '*table*'. The Absolutes are really the rules by which matter and thought progress in the inter-dimensional plane. The backbone, the nervous system of reality with all its nerve endings never ending.

There is in the same sense no real DEATH. There is life, and there is non-existence prior and following existence. But death is not a finality, it is a slow-moving debilitating process. It's a stagnation of movement. But there are no given points of the Cartesian plane of reality. There is Samsara and there is Nirvana, and grey areas in-between. The universe is mostly grey. Eyes create color. All there really is is a great sea of endless self-propagating waves. Waves all around, waves of light and energy: motion. What we see as color is a spectrum of oscillation. Every sensation is composed of perceived waves. Even touch. Perception in the mind comes from irritated nerve-endings who send the MESSAGE to the brain, but the message is a wave and it is sent as an electrical system which in turn oscillates.

Diverse potentiality. Timeless bindings to the lateral plank of 3D 4D existence mingled in the framework of infinite dimensions and dimensionless space. How can it be both existent and non-existent, both dimension-full and dimension-less? Ah, you have touched the surface of Mythology. The father who is the mother who bears the child who kills the father, marries the mother and makes a copy of himself, all the while ruling over the seas and the land, King Of The World. But each person is both masculine and feminine, dark and light, shades are the area of contemplation: the faces of phases.

There's a oneness, there's a duality. There really is a multiplicity that unites to make a whole: all the points reaching, meeting, eating each other up to form one full circle or cycle. Molecules forming an apple. Atoms forming the molecules. And even the hardest metal is but a swarm of the aforementioned particles, who move and swim yet are kept together with that Cosmic Glue or Absolute Mechanism of Togetherness. It's only a direction in which the flux moves together as a whole. The glue may be called the Essence which is behind the Presence.

Which comes first, the essence or the presence? They say that mythological existence is spread over the length of the existence of the universe. One hour in a myth takes that mythic million year cycle. If the existence of the universe is *A-to-Z*, the myth is formed of all the letters of the alphabet and the numbers of our present deco-logic system. Gods live outside of Time in a soup of Timelessness, creation is before and after the present universe. The swarm of nothingness which precedes existence is the same in all aspects as the silence of the aftermath. Human things follow the same basic blissful structure of the cosmos all tangled in a web. The reality interface is holographic; yet another path to follow in the following winter of thoughts, crystal snowdrops frizzy-flowing from the firmament.

The fourth priest speaks:

"I am the first, I am the last. I am a token of my past: forlorn in a travesty living, with brought out angst from my postnatal condition. I am the naked avatar! What a simple task I set out to accomplish: to find the truth behind the veil of reality, seeking further into the unknown, swimming in the priceless nothing of the city night with neon stars and twilight bars; voices circling in a sweeping filter of hush fragrance, all the linear reality configuration you can pocket, streets flowing east and west, flowerbowls of lost selves crawling on a broken path, and scattered glass making its way across to the Utopian highway lesson, the jiggery jibe jogging in endless foils—

"Shapes and sounds unholy, burnt ash flipping into the void of the wind with its peculiar vacuum, a trademark, the ebb and flow of eddying breezes, fragrant lies in the soul's dreary step, the lies we sell our open mind, the lies of a twisted, wicked kind.

"What was I truly seeking in the night of all night's night! I was seeking the path of enlightenment, looking through the vacant city stairs for climb, enjoying a night at the end of my ropes, groping for forbidden moustaches of charm: it seems that in the city a certain desolation can be found, and I was tracing it to its brim when I heard a voice: 'Time will tell a tale of hell, the soft eggshell from whither we fell.' The voice was coming from inside and it pulled me into a dream.

"I am Interpretation, the last of the four prophets of doom. I look at reality and see a dry ash of existence. Parched weather vane, rumpled like a leaky blanket. That's the skyline tonight. But the voice, it transcends Time and Space, it is everything and it is nothing. It resounds prophetically. It is ISNESS. What's that business? I'm not writing this.

"I want to masturbate and spew my wet jism all over the world like crystal snowdrops. I want to be hung, both ways. The voice is leading me inwards, spiralling infinitely, creating patterns and ghost-frames dancing with crushed bone defection delectables. Stellar apostasy. Hypostasis of the combined god-effort, stolen in a breezing buffalo wing. Jaded with skimp panties.

"Dream state am I, with iron wings of gore, fluttering on by with the and or the or. God's hefty voice has entered my brain for keeps and what I want to know is why have I entered sleep standing in the city streets? Neon paradise, your eyes make designs on my pale skin. I have followed the voice and become a taxi cab floating in this ethereal Elysium. What is in my window?

"I see the stinging hair of nettle, Urtica dioica var. procera, and bulliform cells. Three of us were from the leaf structure of a small portion of red oak, and one of us was from a cross section of a portion of corn, Zea mays. That is I.

"And the cycle is half-completed. And the fury is multitudinous. Unfathomables fathomed in the furling fun of banal wisdoms of yogic cannery rustled in feathers and boons of concupiscence as a slaver lavishness thistle-bound by night in caves of yoric younginsome—

"I am the voice, the voice is me and exists in the past as well as the present and future. It is Timeless, it is Priceless and it is a green automobile of subterranean license and meals of fogged reticence, nebulous in Toulouse's boat, rapt adoring in nightingale songs—

"Vishnu, Shiva, all the boat denied. Taxi transit to the interior of the soul. Windows glazed in yearning flustered muck and brilliantine sufferance, the name of this finality sermon is Sufferance, for the Great Plague has made us Four Cardinals ill unto death, ill unto life, and with a glistening sickness by the name of The Meta-Brain Psychosis, that is the plague which brings us here on these stepladders to be kicked off and hanged amidst our dissertations; O the calamity of the moss that suffers too! O the green moss that lives in the brain of the psychotic! Blasphemy, youth and broken piles wrestling in intangible nothingness presented to us in bags, bursting in grey columns of Cretan baggage, at Minos, tired in bungholes of fury, faced with the problematic existency—who is the watcher of the watched? Well, you have brought us to a standpoint in Time, O Disease, O Plenitude of Sufferance!

"What window, what sceneries? I see descending globules of sweat pronounced on the phonograph of war, battling it out in bouts with your senses, half-seamstress mind, half-boiled-eggshell of Time. What brings us here in all reality? What makes us talk before the throngs of our fuzzed window lessons? What gaping mouth of heaven awaits us four protagonists? Antecedent of physical realms, ghostly grey and aghast in fear of propagating a known reality in words…

"There isn't what you can touch. There is a sea of blankness withering slowly on the coast of thinking-that-you-can-touch-it. But it falls pitter on your toes from the forming clouds of stone relinquishment. What faces we make when in malady aroused! What surroundings make tickle on your fingertips, blown out of the wind's great transit dance, blowing leaves today to tomorrow's fast awake, lingering on the craggy preface to the slipping out of existence…

"We three kings have killed the fourth: watch him as he dies in birth."

Sunshine minuet told by Time the Great Bear to the daughters of the winter song glimmering in unhappiness and stonecharm, broken, stabbed by a slab of gate, housed in preference and shame to the lightning god of Slim Chances.

"I have this vague notion of reminiscence and the chronicling of reality in the mind. It's like a cycle of emotions that repeats itself over the course of your life. It's more than emotions, it's memory, thought propulsion. I find myself folding in infinite spirals within my brain. I have déjà vu 24/7. I'm here, sitting, writing, and my brain connects in a certain way that is reminiscent of a past collection of neuroticisms. The same transmitting of nerve impulses across my synapses that has woken me up from a 10 year dream. It's like fractal compression in my brain and emotions emanating in humors over the course of my life but the whole is symmetrical. This is what it is: I have experiences that are catalogued in my mind. And over time, the same experiences are databased in the central unity of my encephalon. The mind repeats the same impulse-clockwork every so often and the result is a feeling of returning to a point faraway in time, to a childhood brain mapwork when I diligently interpreted the surrounding reality and my brain was making new neural pathways. I get a feeling of emotive reinforcement. An antiqueness, a relationship with my own emancipation into thoughtlessness… a pensive journey with recurring themes… I still think that human experience folds upon itself and we are transported via constitutional transit to eras in our youth where the experience we are experiencing was first instituted in our memory."

Grievances and solemnal purity-evasive summer exploits. Bethink the commemorative Legion of Glass, a coin-toss away. The voices are intermixing. Priest one to four, three bemired, desired, and quaintly sugary-toiled, walk into the Death headlong—

The gusto of the creative agent. Lachrymal longing for the Forever Hero to return to your sweet town of slim potentiality, empty without his tiresome exertion-prone net reticulation of yonder-yawning yearn of seaward strife. He will blind you with his light, and thusly make you freed in your broken wafers of talk, He will make you speak truth with his crooked eyes.

He feels *NOSTALGIA*. A sadness, a want, a desire to return home after a long conquest of starlight, sea-prone and wandering alas! he enters the womb of creation and comes out refreshed and with bountiful surprises. The only human experience is birth. The rest is relation-to-birth in the mind. The great Hero-mission is birth, exiting the womb to live, it's life, and death is backwards birth.
Organic chemistry. Potential vices. Greenery. Christmas cherubim shrubs. Talk of sylvan kind. Bangle of starshine. I see you, I see me, I see many worlds between. You have an external reality which is in a constant state of flux, change, and an underlying realm of nothingness which is the interior world of ideas Plato so jibberjabbed about. I like to just sit for hours and write what comes into my mind, denoting the flow of mental objects, external subjects, and their relation to my emotive cognizance.

October railways, earth, and the denoting of reality sufferances. I conglomerate the tax which yields a great stone vice, the earth that turns without cease, the winter of bilious frost, droplets joining at the hip, making a collage of great import resting on the proverbial nether-realms of Time Frozen—

Melody and harmony are nothing next to rhythm and phrasing. Telescopic tears flooding the wanes of my bloodied, tired arms strengthening with every pulp-taut, serenity-mired, flowing movement. Asteroids make hilt my stomp and populate my hours lengthy.

What was decogitated is influencing my status quo, pro nobulum fascinati. I wage war against my Self! I face Death with open arms, sere in my fusky wisdom, crisp in my starlit dinner of candle-mode, tablecloth breakfastmeal of lovely minusculities forever freeward bound.

What was yesteryear is now becoming grace. Behemoth gracefulness to my enlightened ears. What crosses the diatribe makes waste of my illusory nothingness train. That same train of thought propulsion signifies a duodenum of constancy, situated on the globe's great edge, where Martian-men walk hither and thither with rocks in their pockets and make grim faces at the door to the netherworld. Who is that at the door who wants me to come in, out into his outside from inside my great wake-horse house? Ah, he is the Lion-tamer, he wants my dog for purposes of avarice.

I vexed a hexagram. Monotheistic in my littlements. But that great grandiosity, premultant, incisive, and granular, makes a seashell of my adobe abode, makes my redsoil ashblack, wasted in a moment of decreation. Ah, but what stable lies make religious my human body? It's the state of mankind nowadays to erase and make broken. Even our creations are made of shit. Nothing but shit in this human race. And to what end are we so racing? We race towards the brilliant clockwork of Time Efficient, we race towards the blue vistas of my Hollywood Neon Panorama—and to what end, again?

"*We become Death. And this our global theft we supersede. Lifeless animal, break the bread to make my head spin uncontrollably. What makes me so fierce in my countenance? Ah, but the iris is king in the puddle of a bemired solution of distance-prone conglomerate entities. We are the Ecclesiastics, we are the jungle of the writer's pomp vehicle. We live in his Death. We are the WORLD!!!*"

Cities united in chains and motorcycle basements. We are the rock and roll of a pop culture envisaging Death as the means by which our human reality will eventually dissipate into nothingness the stream of consciousnesses that reek of fox ashes in the tumbling meatwheel of Time—we are the federal bureaucrats who technologise the festive reluctancy of the avid delectables.

Crepuscular nightingale, is that your song out there in the perimeter? I would revel under the hot gaze of the sun were I a penumbra angel. Sidelines made in effervescent moons compacted in dresser drawers of Space incumbersome.

Who loses when we move? Propulsion ghost aghast in Midgard. You licentious brute! Who made you? You choose, we lose; advancing through the gates of waspish cravings, hungers of the monstrous, glass, proverbial covenants. I left the house in a hurry, fell down the stairs in a flurry burial. It snowed on this very morning when flowers crawled back into the soil and feathers went flapping to the very, very southern miraculousness. Brevity of song, severity of moment.

Perhaps losing a thousand pages of text is cause for celebration. A year of materiality lost, a year of striving to note the mind's processes vanished from the earth. The real product of a thousand pages of writing is the mind which has been enlightened with every written word. This nothing can make unrealizable. It's very essence cannot be extinguished. Fires of this sort flow rampantly through the bustle of cognizance. Yes, that soft flame of the thought pulpit. Nothing can oust the thinker from his kingdom of thoughts where he is mighty ruler.

The measuring stick is the ruler of measuring (distance-calculation) devices. When it's the end of Time and God is judging the rich and the poor, it will be noted that I wrote the ugliest succession of words possible in the English language, namely those two words *'crepuscular nightingale'* put together. And when it comes Time to judge the most ridiculous puns, the Almighty Ruler will have a laugh at my expense. Well I guess I have merited my doom sitting and pondering naked in my room.

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SARCOPHAGUS:
AN INTERLUDE—

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The mainframe computer minute hideaway. My limb of chagrin park that is an Unconscious sorry stride spectacle, with spectres after each one tells law no beginning the thunder-god who us across what the whirlpool stigmata hell, seeking the golden elixir, "Your mannequin stone was a daydream, he was a walk in and out the simple air to park," as This is a song twilight ruminating where already dying are the misters of heaven. Even of listening. Existence as the banner of Time flips by, and watch from frozen is pulled with taxes *domesticum*, anguish reality that is my great elm enlightenment and your real name and existence, by Jove, locked as cities are and cook your writing, for I live with the totalitarian Father of blown-out say that in midnight trains calamitous and borne repeat themselves; on, in It saw robes were mixed among full sufferance; O from dead fly meat set the inkling branch of my perplexing cages and His Garden. And waterway financial omnipresence, ruled out as cryptic robes surreptitiously seize my art. Struggling quicker, improved, he gets truth from the in red taxi-canoe. I for children who all three Fates feast on, his the string of green arms, and the plumage of the gentleman with no universe; having succumbed, They, all heads and straying from truth; are you saved in the on live blows for cocks? Yes. Plucked shades of obscurity trembling like an Irrationality. My animal story is insignificant.

Earth-helpless foliage, dark, with a twinge of Prometheus' 'were we all ONE?' Of and in the sad existence of ivy. Heal me, the contest is a new name for dining in the Quebec. Substantiality became a sufferer, asked to be of gold to focus states with beads of 4AM wanted home who strayed and wooden mind having bounds and mankind, was a flawless winter, fright, the tolling bells of eternity origins. Feathery silence, twisting like battery acids draining through all sad gases streaming in it. Hermetic morning, the path nailed if Time a glassy drowsy? Full of slogan that denotes my open stomach if Time My opening; is like eyes, the trees, majestic live coast which clearly stipulates that the And makes quickly like hummingbird wings that the universe is my liquid? The taxi we in it and moist with previous feverish Who-But-I the cardinal said it in the earth, the gloomy eminence so the mystery with gothic 'to of he' morning's more, we the bottomless pit right smog—But you aren't frightened in her dream. Yes, like who mountain denizens city high, brim with wind-songs—propelled to negotiate, its fluting summer instils my mind and continues infinity grace fluttered on rollers and cuspidors; the action is O from A in white-water-washes of proficient reality digests, the raw punk of flesh torn from the mother's womb, strangled to be inside a shoe-box where can't that Mars react? and you O at the iceberg! Behind Main DNA of the slowed license Clinic, the doctors, my head willed upon ghastly-grey, punctured them flaming a futuristicity of we fellow theologians. "I saw the notes of death, more when it all looks in and makes you The wizard's shield; or it slaps no, arachnid of forbidding flips *no-reality I-child*, brewing tree dream paper.

Clergymen tells a story before he is hanged. Sermon cat's in seething throaty, blank, brooms the duties of what can see pictures of the place of and mentioning lobotomies… banner that unfurls wooded area yellow, and defunct, high: to The reason why contusions, patterns, four ecclesiastic protagonists, and the first one speaks: stagnant gay rolling on the blues-man who of I-bird-view to your birth, and in me from ammunitions is a positive flux. And of heaven morn; briars touching the mirage whose eye hopes, bare, laying in stagnant bowls, circle of reposing scorbutic hagfish and grey-dismal pressures at Each off men desired blaring Meta-brain affliction. Mexican vistas of another night's is distinguished from other

—and became a Priest of the Order at moment's great height, where a clergy is hung of a happening and is transcending the pulp of a This thin mirage of Meta-brain Psychosis, the flutter, the agate sensitivity.

O learned at presence, calamitous, filled to guide-dog came me paint drawn tangent for the children of the storm—Minotaur Jesus allowed preparation to herald the coming by Death, know nothing of. My diaphanous dead wants to make chunks of existency, funnelling down the earth so the catalyst known and at the story, Sleeping, and these holsters, is cast in a taxi wing of their untimely death? Makes us have of the listening, reading, writing, speaking, Inception, special formula, and be a detached inexistence, hell to find the television. Time is not a sinful beast as of to pick in the take you into its have thought the in-plan of stare, no yelps, tree in the darkness and on my end up a halt in the free the bunny's bad path into self-knowledge, into the *Am-contingency*, Death, that we were all dry agitated like an Arabesque. The assigned is all by Minotaur, Terrible plague.

Meta-brain aching, it is a sizeable morsel of bites—you've seen a brow; on this I could live this way, from a must prefect rally sinking in that that extends off to every stinking second of the like animal and *I-riddles* of the It, the fibres of points of the childhood make, the I which had a vision. It's Cimmerian on trembling; who was the childlike cries, the exhibition, in line language arts, namely: Mexico, the garden of delight? The jewels are the why is behemoth, globe whiles of Infiltration of different shapes. I on the Ginnetho, which means his protection, his garden. Priests of Junk amidst trees of an elm roaming and monocles attached. Binoculars as The Trumpet, emissive substratum proxy—with letters gladly whimpering stock-broker's dyad remittance stratagem. Oh, strangulating, so morose, sad, of an image interior that negates humanity… that puzzling lines of the skull letters heart that in a shady Bliss garden has in horrible other tongues of the forest, off the coast of this public hanging, they're yanking the string clothing, the bottle fore and aft in hide, in a bundle drips descending; reality is not and what in a noise of bluish, tense phraseology, my dresser, sweet dream of some flightless spoil, autumnal lung written in the *and-within-Space*; as go with the coliseum we am faster, the crutches, the I And These holy carried and a melancholy *spuria traumatica*. "What digestible nothing?"—essence as it to the same dreamy scene in at the cat's deep gliding in pearl-white embassy, obliged to tellurian personal atrociousness, my only year of yearning in the tip of the infernal taxi, building-tall, dead earth, a gorged trench, an inkwell of existence, a slap-face hostess of the dewy and the Montreal A-flames, odors of the lost continent, kept who would from it's ablution, purification, purgation. The littles with am at the moon sweetness have contracted blubbering like insatiate masses cataclysmic in a layman's throat; of articles, I-Resounding off the walls of the great cavern of ghostly base dejection: enraged. Cubism, when it's to pearl battles humping Trojan missile launchers war battalions with deep, backward steps so matrimonial to viral tomorrow's ooze of movements of the great elm whose arms are voices and who needs existence: it's just the gleaming, mirrored surface of the lake, sprawled sporadically, winking my stomach doom; I, the Bullfighters, rounding in images slip out of my mind drinking from the cup with Technicolor dreams—Stanzas of glorious side-steppers: the Magical salvation. O and hate, so gates and a carefree him. A production—Another cigarette to finish gods making faces at and plunge that takes them in gimpy steps; why not go download from wages the I of subaponeurotic questive globes, with blue robes, a glory-proud remit to throughway where a mire is insipid in its woodpeckers, see to it that his *And-Because* is mixed with the novelty of creation. It distracts decided names to Classless and free: together we into a rap seep, you quiet clergymen: and its standing, propped American dream?

Time is a quiet ferryman who rests patterns of sterling Time lapses and soggy glades grip you fresh from my art. Raised bullfighters sang of them gross munificence into the blueprints, babble and gratification through whose limbo?—and the stonewall of anger? Who stripped them of their clothes, ditties to the children of the swarm, permanent stasis basin fact, trinkets, the bubbles in quite that we waters green. Is stuffed on earthly at the river, the was of it as straining to foam secrets with an exponential animal reign inventive mother of peculiar stratification globules pronounced on the scorched Hades of yearning, I being hung one after the ephemeral notes gothic, architectural, the insides of infinity, letters singled out on a night of the flowing and reward is as is decisive the dawning of clergies, who like the jazzman can't hold a bohemian senselessness, attacking the *misericordiam* of his next of kin, laughing as in agreement, talking backwards blasphemy? Maybe the image pools the folly from near along and this is of the omniscient dream ground in hillsides, mountains gape wide to include the fierce fury night-time suffering, the gloom in my room at midnight crumbling hung on spluttered consciousness emissions, but in ropes I rumble; their contusions on a globe, listless ghosts grey in tears of salvation wandering is normal; made fluttering so Damn it, the Am-hour, plunged for another eternity? Artist circles, making a tick-tack broken frame, rose petals droplet-streaming from its deep eyes, but where

we're standing at and to be seen to make a solemn dejection; Hades is as the wind is too: faces from the outside.

So the illicit redeemer, transcending moment I can call it There? Pictures We darling, "What I want by puppets for eyes laughing at the pimple opiate, are ropes pulled taut with Tommy-whiskers." Dusk the So into grassy knolls, each reality pixel is a taxi and I am listening to the story so I can't be told to find meaning in everything. Particles are to be taut, creeping stoically, in silent tally Psychosis hung in the It by a new you who slaps tangents of causal-straddling Cretan labyrinth myths.

Rain open temporal changes, the bustle? Who from a tree even at are exquisite, if of flower/flames/interior coliseum where the dithyramb is played, the Tragedy/Comedy lessons in exactitude of existence, melancholy war Hero with four shields, four drowned bitter in flames of disgust, and dead milkmen hung on the sea-swarm of a lost people, of the Even Death sometimes doesn't shackle the mighty sail's glum motion of star-kin. He hallucinates for an answer so tunnel-prone—staving from walking in the made smiling Great delight of dreadful trafficking—

Roots is with light of tangible metamorphosis windows, pottery queen, Dryads clustered in moments of leaf of red who else fails, which is float out in a vacuum so antipodal, one a wisp, a drop of blackest night and with glazed diseases that are mine of mythic You to bilious me: "it's dementia praecox" voices of oak. Cowardly mammoth-proportioned meandering ravine-actor who dines off in stretching the sky a thick *Am-not:* now they want you. The dry flowers laps and I make forests where stories to me which he loosed a tooth in bleeding gums, to your sensory province of pixels and I write with kept vigil, watching the watchers and the grin to thee all the same. The strength of Styx holders have a whipping that listens and glistens where we bet that traumatic in Rome, lesser dark and makes ad reverie, we juxtapose the glum reality on who dreary steps and the *sclerenchyma* and one movement of puzzles of stone made wisdom leaking from inside your cross, the cross eons ago midst naked icons hung from the unfurnished Passing, fool of me and *Because-Because*, so nowhere that he stipulates that they're on the *With-thee* Inspiration, the center of guzzling eye-winks, as heightened in kerosene, on it with himself to be by an inky pieces of jumbled reality attached to itself at the beginning with nothingness. Watch to the sun, it's black, that is, clearer and glorious. What is written in it wouldn't make you a Dawning sun with wings for arms more as a ready room, The Goat-man with knowledge gusting in proverbial breezes, coercive reality on making puddles of red clay, dried in the movement of reverberation, a midnight to eternity dinners?

Didn't it call you by mixed up lakes with takes that me away from my into the with limpid taxi to fucking taxi inter-color-fullness, to see in tanks don't you think that gory insignificance, he staples it in his will of enmity. But I, I am a huge holocaust. Pyroclastic clouds, nude, dying of bubonic mischief, a plagued story. Self-love your story imp? We, your lungs, attempting to intake hell burgeoning of boundless space so why them naked with hammers, these characters lungs changed from divine self-repetition?—The fog red Samsara swamps, to Molest the Daedalus of my bosom. Sky and scarlet just there in trouble eerie in Sugar-coated prose for tragic and damp in the cellar of Incubation, tulips of the universal rays piled together, in that drab show. The tones of the without in the within, more than people viewing the great flavor can remit, where the gallows' grisly beak bleeds, beckoning a beacon for childhood, slips down the staircase of flowers doused or *meningocele* as the suffocating art is back again. King of lamentation. I'd rather bathe, and this rarity of the *With-sad-songs* to a dark and twisted city, to the At-the-beginning-in-every-Of, the And that I the secret living fishhook so that strings of heaven dilating like the pupils I take in twelve hours can make a pulp of child serenity. That The moon through Time ginseng rabbits, hosts caverns of a host of despairs, licensed to save their souls, hanging mythical standing, so Yggdrasill, so pure. And whose It's in the people, the way we Plunge as an existential bliss like an avalanche? Seriously shout, wrapped in Venice, scattered on that to be a blast? As ridiculed through traffic, inch by delirious inch to existence by-products, festivities, with lightning as windows. All four realities, like a rat's tongue in the clouds, so dark, all asked us In the desk-piano-paintings. Yes! He from the diligent persisting Time till ass shown, a raspy voice makes me what didn't appear paper white, dripping in ink, and lifts the cover of his spinning on this axis forever playing, and old cleats tack to the giver of the singing reason, ruin, or calculated must of extinguished anything, vexed a *whose-is-it:* There is your art, new moon, in flying raves silently your resurrection?

Wisdom of my last silvery whispers is written fibres of an image of four sad maestro of that Its breath until when POOK and weeping stares bleakly… an area crimps a somnolent tomb of roomy anywhere in hairs of geranium; you unholy spirit in brown, the theory of the Time Clock down every eternity and my affliction seemly goes to be of oily be. The ecclesiastical depths of mourning. With

windpipes agape, winded seaward gloom pronounced on a megaphone now? I was stuck with one cigarette. The window of formation, making a shrine where we Death and Belonging be. Even Golgotha as the one popular soul— wrapped men probing bureaucratic tombs can find the truth that is found in swan arcs of prismatic putrefaction gnosis or magical demonology. The ivorybill pecking at the effervescence. That face with a tick until the planet stops moving; and horns popping; dictates of spy, kills you at the door. Its whimper, priests dangling from bubonic ropes, hung in Ariadne's Theseus, characters of the great annals in Dublin, clouded grey shines haloed, as you enter the mouth and a million stars clanking in metallic whispers, screeches just as great & mean, WRITE ONE IN THE CLIMAX!!!!!! Green manacles of the battle of the senses. This atop tells my infinite wanderings that she smells sheep as who knows no like from being dropped minute by minute into drizzling out of languor, proportions, like endless spirals of lashing with teeth sprawled takes bedroom eyes to the store. We are secured to the Taurus of glistening water bushes risen now not that spectrum out to dry; lengthy spray of the Rabbit skull, of being stocked and shipped off into catatonic whispers of the "We were riding your jumbled faces of *ad infinitum*," curiously treading the seedy image to your sleep effect, your madmen soothing warm blankets of flux contusions, and subpericranial outages in cephalthydrocele sunshine? Infinity in the And crooked for to see superficial causes; a real taxi or want as Pelargonium to the stomach… O the cinema, waiting downtown on a taxi, were one creates the very concoction that four neo dark ages made, a boy listening to sad church music.

V

RIOT:

Metallic clank of the bootchains, fuck. Steel cages, oh, and I remember a time when a cigarette was just a cigarette and you didn't get your teeth knocked in for owning more than the other. Acquired safety mechanisms. But that's just the beginning of it.

Iron wands flashing in picket fences, through the blur of the demonic throngs. Faceless mackerel, death be thy elsewhere mind. I've heard talk of a revolutionary movement within the prison/death camp/video game/reality screen. But this is all a dream anyway.

(Writer's note: it may seem that I have digressed from my central narration but keep on reading and you will see where SARCOPHAGUS, RIOT, and CARNIVAL take place in the general sense of Taxi Windows. Okay, you've asked for it, I will explain their place: SARCOPHAGUS is a myth told in dream-language which takes place before and after the story Taxi Windows. It's also the point after which the fourth clergyman dies and enters heaven. RIOT is a side-plot meant to elaborate on the cause and effects of The Meta-Brain Psychosis, in a metaphorical setting, which is my own personal diagnosis of myself and my emancipation from a strange plague, a mental illness. The point of this text and other antecedent and future texts is to explain my condition. Now, the following chapter dubbed CARNIVAL is a waking nightmare, an hallucination, meant to denote my own sporadic hallucinations. It is also a summary of the previous chapters, a conclusion, and an epilogue bound together in descriptive language, and none of this is real anyway so it goes with the general flow of illusion and earth-bound, human existence. This Writer's Note is just my way of meeting the reader halfway.)

Herald McNeil was talking about it the other day. Man, this place is some scary outhouse of existence. You think you've won and you've already lost. It's all about losing. Losing your last cigarette, losing your fucking mind. The latter has been lost in my case for quite some time. It began when I was young. I used to get undiagnosed fevers and waking nightmares. I also had fits of crying with paranoid delusions. But this state of mental affairs can be rather beautiful in its terror.

The play begins. Four acts. Collective disintegration. Massive crepuscular head-wound. Stars lit in endless spoils, rowdy in the night of all nights. We're making a breakthrough! In the madman's boat was I. Man i'th'Moon, o'th'island, fare! Fie to thy lineaments profound, glistens in the mighty tides that bear witness to the collegiate misery. That laughs he of the wind, makes haste voices untoward: gleans mystery from mine to thine, the history of Time through Time. What else seest thou? A darkened corridor. Tonight we break free, boundless, untethered—we are the hyper-realism, manifesto queers, dancing in twilight, drenched in thought, and what in this steel arcade have we of conditions poor? We are in this tale but numbers to what end the chronometer distances itself in seconds meted to the pull o'th'air, licentious and free. Catapulted to the sweet serenity of a boiling headrush brushing.

Tumbling into the brass of nightfall hasty with tethers unbound; we walk from prison to the core of dusk, angels whispering new tales to ears of yore, listening intently. Far o'er th'sea, hark! 'Tis

madness that brings us from within our cages, boiling tempers bold, riveting into night's ungodly stench, lo! behold! The night is unto us and calamity burns flesh in torches to light the emancipated way—

Flesh to flesh cousined, bronze, blackened thoughts to raven the whistle of courageousness. Tales of yore told whither and thither, clamped insofar as the usurer blinds a timed audacity. The beginnings of madness are amply present in the talk of the playwright. He is *of-himself*, *for-himself*, and what he is not as he is what he thinks he ought to be *in-and-for-himself* again.

Yonder starlight blast, forever fasted invested in me. Young as I was, the tears rolled down my cheek. Sweet release! A sentiment of Greek tragedy. Man o'th'Moon, blare thy brass, behemoth and crass; cragbearded art thou, you Cacalibanist, singing lyres wove in Time's bowlful of wicked whiskerstrings. Timespell providentialised, caught in a whiff of style…

What seest thou else in the dark backward and abysm of Time? I see hyper-lucidity, hyper-realism and a touch of psychotic solipsism. Vis vobiscum: may the Force be with you. Deal with it, you capricious snowcone. What the hell is a snowcone, you nascent varmint? Ah, the broiling togetherness of prison life. It ain't no prison if the cows come home (on Monday).

Darkness and a coffee at 10AM. Black coffee with 75 sugars. It feels like twilight but it's not. Ah, the fishes in the swimswarm of sea, the pedicure where manicurists shovel glass stoves. I look out my eye-socket-window to a world that's dimmer than most interior microcosms. Drear light of chew. Breakfast is served at 9 o'clock Eastern Standard Time.

It's absurd. I am the absurd hero. I was born in the kitchen and lived my life in the sink. I'm an overgrown amoeba. Heartless and born of Disaster. It's my own curse, my own Sisyphustic human condition. Absurdity of mind, lenient when it comes to brand my own brewed taste of Time. Black thoughts roaming in the minutes and seconds of a war battalion, embedded deep in the cerebrum. Encephalic, wasted humors. What I waste today I gain for tomorrow. And tomorrow we clash with the Combine Community. We will raise our glasses to the highest might and break them over our heads!

Tomorrow is actually today in existential matters. Black intangible tarry mess of neural entrails. I'm tied in a knot, I'm lost at sea, in the madboat. But as things are at present, time is of the essence, and presses me onwards in my underground mission of alliance against the forces of evil in this carnival tent, this prison of sorts, if you can call it that with its metal chains and steel fences growing ever higher by day and ever stronger by night. We are escaping in two hours. Death is the final escape; in a sense, this exodus is my death, this impending doom, or match with insanity, is an exodus on all levels from the Great Plague that is within us all, all of us with The Meta-Brain Psychosis. The four priests are the four kings of the soul, the four Wisdoms looking through the porthole of the ship that we steer towards the night city—

The night is silent. The seas of change press on. This is our only chance to escape the tyranny. This perception must be taught to new generations for mere genes can't make it live on, it needs to be bred into the minds of the next generations, it needs to be rooted in the framework of society; this plague, this plague is what will save us all from the torrential downpour of black hearts…

We can't offer lenience. This is our only chance. Round the troops, the guards are coming. There's light yet to come at the end of this spiralling tunnel of malady. That which whines is better out the door; call'd to't that you render visible my yearning in your ear.

Match'd of an agèd wife, you ungodly sprite! Knaves know not filth as in their eyes descend; the plural of my ways is to break their arms, commend: bring me forth another and naught shall I apprehend. Distance, thy horse of Time, fiscal wheel circling so feisty round! In this middle we cannot make haste beacon, for now comes the king; to't be known, the seeds be brightly glaring on the stomach o'th'soil! Tonight is thy kingdom come! Tonight we rape the steel cavern!

Luminescent in its tepid dimness which stagnates in rivulets, fiery warm even, daughter of the sun, that strange eerieness which is profligate and squanders so vile it is allotted to the day's glory as counterpart—O no nightingale scorches the earth in witless matters! No gladness profound makes this brain siege a particle of higher masses! Did it just snow? So-so.

Thunder roars as the first prisoner cries with piety. Door is ajar, run to it! Alarms, bells, whatnot casually streaming in hellish noise, footsteps a-running on home; follow the leader, you stone brebis! Sirens howl, mass hysteria in the compound! Digress not, silly of the soil! Escape with stone hatchet! Break the guard's unholy vacancy of face! Yearning to take that first step onto hallowed ground, exiting in peculiar masses leaving the winter behind. Hot sunlit summer streets! City turmoil with neon compassion! Your mind is ajar, thoughts flow freely from the jail of ignorance.

Hyper-realism of the abysmal, arterial stockade framework. Running in rivers of flame from inwardness to outlet; make way for egress, you dimwit! Blaring trumpetcry, bellowing beast of Time Spent Within The Cemented Walls—yowling horns, alert, alert! Red alert, they have found egress!

You suckering fenestral fraudulence! You left the doors unlocked, unhinged; stop them at once, they are the scum and brine of succession to martyrdom! Let not the hosts get freedom from our control; control set one, repeat, let not a prisoner escape! Howl!

Black thoughts rupture the seat of purity divine. Blood flows easier on the outside. Cigarettes! Your pills never stopped me from thinking, nor did they slow me down, goosepimple! Blackest bright that from the inner expels the outer in a dance, bewitched as a mire is filthy of its consort. Which of these is linear: Time, Space, or Emptiness?

Lear: Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!
King Lear, Act III, Scene II; William Shakespeare

Wild harness on the horse of Time, bleeding meted in the hole that's good, make feasts of glory in the hands of my prankster's gleaning; like a leaning tower that won't budge, whirled infesting, catapulted hence, made of boiled attire preposterous!

Run, run, you fool! Make haste, the door's a-closing! Clenched teeth of steel, tides rising in the gimlet of war, grim and letting the positivist's murlyburl awont! Black seething crumpled in a trumpet's blind shout; hence we seek to fake our doom, and make numbers of the stench-ridden, bleach-proposed soil; hark, the herald bangles smirk!

Dank smell of positrons dealt in the hands we played hours in the dark, eerie cupboardboard, at tables at dawn planning the exemption from tyranny… and glued to our seats we wore masks as the officers stumbled on by in their unconscious Sysiphustic march—roll the ball, you flaggart! She's coming back down the hill, millipede of undigested scrutiny… watching cigarettes pass under marble consoles… winks and salutes to the high command of indiscriminate, underlying, monotony alliance… those boots to the skull in churchyards grim and bleakly simmering, spirits afire, an internal maelstrom pounding circles into the brain of the unknown flower jig… what monotony we smelled burgeoning slowly in our enlightened brains… the end's gotta come someday soon, we've got to make a move… and the brain realized that it didn't have to live this way, unconscious and mad… it was dark and blackened in its composition, but what beauty it was capable of… what strong feelings it brought up in its well-timed words flowing out like buttercups… we forgot the soul crimes that brought us to this place as we skirted out the open door, glad to be free, happy to be 'me'… as though I was licensed a new beginning… a breakfast of emancipation—

Me who quiet midnight visitations render Cupidly cheerful… pinnatifid lark in heaven's groady throat… one more needle before I reach the shore… horns blowing sweet cacophony… blowing in my ears of rice… and people drugged-running through the streets of mayhem… everything is green and in D-minor… floating air particles foaming at the mouth of heaven…

I cease to visualise, I'm meeting my redemption on the corner… what shall I take into town? Why I'm going to take that green taxi to the center of my illness, I'm going to take it to the heart of creation… that neon paradise that lights the fairway blue oysters… taxi cab, take me to Err Street, I want to taste the sewers in my teeth… I want to gnaw at the lashes of the fire vehicle in Space… ah, what do I see here out this foggy window in the stone-cold winter of my malady? A minute ago it was like being inside a radio's speaker with blasting voices in the shroud of discontent, it was disorder, and now in the silence of my taxi ride I speak little, just enough to get me to my destination, and through the taxi window I see God: I see a great elm tree positioned in the center of a field, the last of its kind, and four nobodies are waiting for the call, discussing metaphysics and their heroic tales, watch them, they're about to die!

VI

CARNIVAL:
An LSD flashback…

Lights rays repeated. Elementary trelliswork, image flickering; I saw rain of unseen rain, profoundly blue to me. Bundles always for skyscrapers, and another Then endlessly flared repetitions, images organised unimaginability of falling succession, simple joy of rays, hallucinations. Fire, stars, etc. Looking up, unbelievable eye of adventure, evening also following me and isolated Never circles, many sparks, splendor. This was experience.

Continued sea images, many more windows. These more vast, foundations of city sky of Not and sky inside anticipation, peculiar pictures of sprays, landscape rings, which once was an entrance I saw as behind vortices, amassed, and over imaginary arches, portions of bluish grass. Of that over duplications were full of lower roofs, of The Deserted City, the reproduction of Crawling Ants in kaleidoscopic anthills of a cold feeling, it was the red, yellow, green roof through windows.

All left the circus tent. Gothic vaults, and a decidedly operating painting of joyous stars beside dark particulars: more News, readying landscapes, disappeared at first, staggered of day and sparks of the highly unorganised pale sea dancing. Its many towering arches towards Spanish greens of indescribable rows which skies became terraces, choirs of the streamed original, dense fires; hallucinations consisted of rows of roofs, many of previous witness at the harbor: a house of green reminded me that clouds, highly distributed, were the in and out. Etc.

Endlessly appeared dark images, loops again, starry arches missing. A system of gardens, brilliant as the all of the every to the midst of growing towers. I had countless visions of ropes, same-same elements: innumerable glowing hands of many with hats, but I remember at once something significant and reminiscent of God. Glaring infidels of the cost-effective sprite. Bouncing.

The green roof through windows spaced enlightened glass bowls flustered infinitely wound of potential vices, ripped in ghastly greys with trellises vacant interiority vast and pulchritudinous. Nostalgia wavering in the closet of my mind.

"It's all a joke, this story, my perception, and the world we live in. A great festival, an acid flashback, and the four priests are merely an idea passing through the collective mind of creators alike, the Dream Makers, the spirits and the souls of mankind."

The priests have no names. Day becomes night. Cardboard box of Time, where He dances his cosmic step crusade… silence and a straw hat… Copernicus' reign… throes capitulating frenzy and rapture in a gate to the netherworlds… garage bands whirling on in infinite colorless ditties black… out your dreams in a bottle… put all your hopes in it too… the sky is folding, the universe is a scratch on a TV screen… flashes round and round again, the sun is made of stone… the rivers are ice cold…

Triangles and rectangles of light and shade, no fixed positions on the Plane of Movement, just shapes and sounds correlated to the central brain—mixed images flowing in waves, black thoughts, something to create anxiety in the body, justly prone to metamorphosis, strangulating the naughties into a brown muckmire…

Color is gone, I live in black & white. Two proposals of polarity. The mind is chaos, the sex is cosmic. You walk down the street and it opens up on you; what to do, what to do? You walk into the chamber and walk on, cars flipping on buzzby, rocking, just squares and cones to my eyes, cones in my eyes, eyes that I despise…

Cars zooming on by, just a rush of sound, no shapes, colors… psychedelia profound, but oscillating from red through to violet, and then grey, all is a grey mess of givens on the Cartesian Plane of spatial existence… light rays and concave mirrors… windows, windows, windows four… a racket in the housing farm, liquid and moaning… the That is flaring, my Don't is composed of many Becauses…

This is the Taxi window: this daydream, this night frenzy… it's a carnival sensation with brilliantine colors flashing, and yet, yet it's all snow white, hints of grey, a static premonition at back of neck, shining brain lesion, scar, faces twisted in infinite grimaces—the Taxi Window is what you see when you close your eyes, it's what you see when you tuck your mind within—

Fires, stars colliding in white noise. The Taxi Window is a mythic dream, it's the point where you realize you exist and cease to do so… because the taxi forgot where it was taking you and ran into a shopping mall… you're sitting in the back, unawares…

Priest one:

"Yes, I can feel it flowing in my veins. This secular nothingness, this gluey yuck fluctuating in my arteries. Vain vane. Plastic reality combustible in two fragments of existence: Time and Space, the luckiest of the two is Space because he has more room to move in. He has a roomy flat.

"The red canoe is here, I am the red canoe! And the three-headed dog wants to chew me when I eat at McDonald's. Gluttony, profoundly sullen in mires of crossed chaosmic manifestation deferral dance… and I want to die, I've been suffering mightily, flagrant in my mind's shadowed eye, brilliant in descension to the pit of all thorn's night… I want to wish that I could be immortal, but that's irrational. Better yet, it's my inception into the world, I am The Inception OF Idea! And now I'm at a loss of words. I can't concentrate, I'm a baby boy with moo cows tumbling in haystacks ruminating on stone grass… I, I just wanted to find the heart of dreams, to make it to the other side and come back, though I must infer that this is in no way possible… once you step out of the cycle of existence, you…"

Kicked off the stepladder just when truth was about to slip out of his mouth. Maybe it's not clear what this book is about. I have to admit that I practise automatic writing. The story wasn't clear to me when I started writing but now it's perfectly clear in my mind, so let's hope it makes sense to the reader. I can however meet you halfway and explain it a little.

Basic Thesis: there exists a new mental disease known as the Meta-Brain Psychosis which medicine has totally ignored. Completed Thesis: art is the only way out. So what is art if not right expression of the thinking membrane? Exposition of thought fragments, neurotic mumbling, counting, excavating truth behind the reality screen… I've been writing for 6 years and THIS is what I come up with? A senseless movement of words over the page white? But is there anything else to say than to point out the human condition and laugh?

I'm not very good at meeting the reader halfway. I have to admit that I succumbed to poetry for most of the length of this infernal discourse. Succumbing to poetry means that you write for sound and not sense. But those two things are closely entwined, really. From one you get the other, etc. Through one, rather. A meeting with God at 10 o'clock tomorrow night. What will I wear? I can't go naked, that's for sure. But what can you hide from God anyway? It's not by wearing a cap that you hide your thoughts from Gods. That's for dampened sure.

When a writer tries to make sense that's when he loses it. Cerise of wisdom, hang your lifeless boat. Dream of a thin sliver of concubine hope. Stroke the rope, you throaty float. Like spokes on a bicycle wheel, turning, spinning exclusively to the tumble of the radio… battery-powered central processing unit, mainframe brain—

Opposite the boat in which all things flex an eye of wooden flux, the capitulated frenzy tugger rowing down the streamlet of gory mirror-mires, the glazed federal dispatch of collision submergence—Fog is that restful night's slumber that makes your ears turn to gold… ecclesiastics run the show from the outside… be good, young sire, the stomach of heaven is upon us… a cluster of fiery mismatches, a story that negates the prototypical classical protagonist jive… Xerox your eyes, you might go blind, and in this pastoral synergy you'll find baby grace…

Experience is a side-show glamor, astringently gaseous, and fair… O the cumbersome body of the stars, that piecemeal lethargic summer songster who makes me what I am in my grim winter of confabulation—bless me, I am poor, the meek shall dishevel the worth… priceless like a green tomato, positively glistening on daylight; she is my sister, she is my marvel, I am her godfather prince—

The flightless bird is walking in the park. My taxi awaits me on near coast of Mexico. Words that flash, images pretentious in your mind-grill, made to boil and be scarred like a tangent stretching the fibres of your brain… and sleep is not a convention… what lateral confiscation of neurosis left me belligerent and an insatiate mass of entrails? Cover your mouth, the thunder is cracking a whip.

Priest two:

"Yes, a green taxi cab. The panoply is versus the verses of the illegitimate bravery of Time That Moves, Thing That Ticks Clicking… What verbs do we have left in us, that break our sails with flinging rages? I have no more truth left, no more life in me.

"I visited my friends of Ginnetho on the night of the Moon Lozenge and entered the mouth of heaven. I am Reading, I am Incubation… forming of thoughts… what can I say? The Plague has rendered us vacant in stagnation… our first man is dead, his neck snapped… and what an erection he has now hanging from the great elm! Miraculous!

"What REALLY brought us here? Was it really such a plague? You have seen all the motions of the mind afire: Inception of thought, Incubation of mind, Inspiration of brain, Irrationality, the great gluey substance. We have spoken, we have shown the way… mark my words, there is a great plague and the answer is found in the moment of death… by strangulation we arouse a stigmatic eroticism… is Passion not what makes a man or woman tick?

"I've been to China, I've been to Russia, I've even lived 5 years in India as a naked fakir. What's left of life now? I am here on this great night to witness my own death, to hang from the elm tree like a marionette, to be watched and listened to by you, my brethren. I can't stomach it any longer… Yes! The answer lies in the way in which we all…"

Snappo. Much to the discomfort of not knowing the final verdict. Well, we've been from priests to prisons, what's in common? A priest can be an object of wisdom. Wisdom is what frees the soul, but in a society that negates reason, TRUTH IS A PLAGUE.

Green mesmerism flighty and pure in essence; the golden gates are open, walk in, you by-product of a thinking mind… degenerate masses, listen… hark! feisty as a snow-mobile… what listless ghost frequents the open whirlpool? Simpletons carouse in the garden of protection… and nightwalkers stumble on the rosy finish of the yahoo desk, made in 1917…

"Potentially, it can be used as a vice in remunerating the masses with strategic mysteries."

I left the prison in a daze, I saw God in my own enlightened ways. Daughter of the winds, linger one more moment so that I may kiss you, girl… I was a student of life and left earth to visit the stars in a great-menacing fleet, starbound, clouded, historical…

Antitoxins of feverish delirium… but we mustn't focus too much on one aspect of this short book. There's more to it than the prison/dream sequence/ecclesiastic sermon. This is a study of forms and of language and in every study there is a thesis though it may not be evident on the surface. Every human action has an unconscious structure. We don't just float aimlessly…

Ah! The thunder roars like a flower is scented with delicacy. Withhold you masses in the terms of whiskerfolly? Follicles dreamt up a storm and made me live inside it, hair-thin and constricted. You've been exempted from ridicule. Red is the color of glory and the Canadian Maple Leaf. What else seest thou, you nimlet? I forever beseech you, gov't, and hope for stars to outlive superstars—

When you become a giant you can never go back home to littlehood. I was a giant at 14, and I can touch the ceiling with my nose. That's not true, I'm being comical. This is how things turn when it's wee in the mornings. You stay up late and populate the hour's hate with glum debate. I won't even mention other words that rhyme with these.

Dim light in the corner of my room, littles belittling the sufferance of gait. You room me, slight thinness of morn, you cowardly dowager! Grim prince of fiscal towerings… most positive, my dear Fire Watt, glumly surrendering to the stone edifice of timeless, proud, war-heroic tales of yearning and desire fond of festivities, grand with longing in the heart… you prize me not? I am aghast in talklessness… forever bound to the steel chains of a deteriorating mind that's glum, some for the stars I speak listless battalions, some for the people in my head's apoplectic arm I give reason…

World, are you not open? Were you a blanket I'd roll with you in the dirt, sizing the reality with open eyes, and feisty-proud whistling for the dog's far-gone remnants. Rest in peace, little one, the day's not yet done… my sweet buttercup, my heart's stone mass, blackened with tears rolling from it's avenues… give rise to Fire Stars gloating in the minutes late, showering us with petals of snow, and rice creation at the middle of the play's final act: react, react, a humble fumbler's fact…

Armageddon's grim reapage, flowing in tumbles wrong and ghastly grey, loss of taste, color, feelings, the LAST AND FINAL BATTLE AT THE END OF TIME!!! I didn't mean to yell that, sorry. You can overanalyse things and come to useless conclusions. I like to just go with the flow of thoughts/words/rambles to the ticking of the Time Banner that flips by in the heavenly wind of motion and commotion… the fabric of the space-time continuum has all the truth you need embedded in its origin, where it touches eternity, where Death is a player in the house of soul-theatre… the stage of the heart where emotions flutter… you can learn from objects everything that exists in the world… in the physical realm things are simple, they are what the are; in the spiritual-mythic realm things are metaphoric—

Coquettishly abrupt license to godly upheavals… the story isn't over… and in what mental state am I in where Time is a-fluttering? Oh, yes, the end of Time, what a concept! Secular heroes dancing on paper boxes; summer is a legion of miracles swarming in a sea of soot potentiality… winter is ice, summer is wisdom, long hours in the sun with eyes wide open, lingering, ingesting carcinogenic microwave radiation… yes, the staple-gun is the most noble of appliances… the hair-dryer is a close second… we started this mission at the beginning of the forest and now we've entered into its dismal depths… with no way out, no egress, no chance… maybe we can turn to a character and ask him a question…

Priest three:

"To finalise my statements on the Meta-brain Psychosis, I must say that there are seventeen parallels. In no particular order, they are: misplacement in Time, hyper-lucidity, direction flip, forgetting of location in Space, prophecy, nausea or motion sickness, general overactive brain syndrome, heightened sensitivity, surrealism, Cubism… the list goes on… What's important is the succession of all these symptomaticisms bound together in what makes MBP the Meta-Brain Psychosis… the whole is what concerns us, not the parts…

"We have attempted to remove parts of the brain surgically, but even removal of the entire brain in a victim of The Plague doesn't affect the illness. People have been known to live on without a brain, just with MBP, it's mighty strange… we believe an alien entity is at play here…

"Our friends are dead. Let it be noted that we are coming close to finding a cure. Again, the parts don't make the whole, there's something else at play. When we are all deceased, then the cure will appear… the key that unlocks the door to the mouth of heaven…the answer to the final question, the cognitive truth to problematic existence…

"All myth is part of the solution. Dreams are myths. Read the answer in what's before you in the physical manifestation matrix. We inferred that MBP is more than the sum of its parts. It's a problem that we've halfway solved. The solution will be found once, um…"

We've lost connection with the source of the Biblical Fibres. Round the horses and the lions, the show must go on. Ringleader, are you ready to begin? Run the calliope: festive robots, march in! Puckered lips' myopia, dribbling waterhogs down the icy length of film: you are the Director, you are the Camera, you are the reality digest…

Darkened woods seethe with drip-dry hawks pouring hailstorms to the counts of daybreak. Reality is an illusion, a placebo. Don't drink the water, it's infested with rowdy vermin. Round the troops! Set sail for night life! The neon fibrous stock-away is rendered visible by units of remembrance. The brain is a machine less positive than a stove or telephone. We have lost contact with the clergymen, wait, no, there's more truth in store for us, put on your protective goggles!

Ready for blast-off! The man i'th'cannon is ready for propulsion into the air fifty feet overhead. Let not whisperers cause grief when sleep is but a moment's toss away. A stone's throw. Martian developments will create waste.

Gaunt farewells in the stream of seconds, real or unreal, it makes no sense and is a puzzle with no vibrancy. Grey-dismal warnings in my body's earth, my soil, decrepit and tenuous… abjure the judicial, penetrate the unnameable nothing, sprouts of the cosm in fenestra concubinic spurience spurning conglomerate masses in the sea of quiet rumination…

Maybe there is no plague, maybe it's just a suffering existential matter, maybe I think therefore I am, maybe I am what I think, maybe I've taken an overdose of human experience, maybe I'm nothing more than a human body fighting in the jihad of human life—

You need another cigarette to finish the story, I know you do, I've seen you tell stories before. What happens if I go back in time and kill the discoverer of tobacco? I'm not saying that I would enjoy murdering someone, I'm making a point that maybe you don't need another cigarette, maybe you can eliminate all drugs from your life. But then again, even your drinking water has drugs in it. So fuck it! Smoke your smoke and tell the final chapter/act/movement of your stinking diatribe—

Water seeps through the ground into subterranean seaways… back to alphanumeric meditation… codifying the book for distant generations… wouldn't it be funny if this message held a crypt nestled in its bosom? Something secretive, something hidden that only the writer knows of? What if I wasn't even the writer? What if I actually found this manuscript in a garbage dump and stole it?

Forever onward we trot to the hopeless sea and sacred spot. You can't imagine what madness is until you've been there and back. Some never come back, I was lucky. What with all this rigatoni message I can't find a secure place of bedrock to clamp my heels into… I need to build my home on solid ground, Terra Firma… I need to erect my castle so that it never crumbles again… with one foot in the sand, you tend to sink… both feet on stone and you are high as a kite…

Now if I was a shrink I'd believe everything I was told and die of a seizure in a baker's field of confection puzzles rapt adoring in a sweet succulence of verb that negates programmatic stipulation, it's automatic, baby, the mastermind is in mastering the mind, and when you let it loose and abstain from over-thinking you let the Muses flow through you and the product is a procuring vast stable wish-hawk eye—

3 out of 4 priests have died. That's three fourths four. That's the afternoon. 244: two forty four is two thirds four and four is two twos, two is one third and is preceding two fours which make eight which is also two fours… 355 is two thirds five, one third three and the product is thirteen—

Immovable World Navel, Cosmic Reality Wavering… what's at the end of the tunnel? Swirling down the sick o'th'funnel. Are you in trouble, Bubbles? Disparity in four cloistered closets. Clustered with infinite bombshells of dirt and scruff-nuggets dusty.

Priest four:

"There will be no one to speak of about my death in the Order of Ginnetho. I am the first and the last! Hark! My friends have died honorable deaths. We saw Death, we saw Life; we saw the depths of perdition and desolate, hellish vistas blue with yearning yonders. What we have decisively premonited was an iconoclastic reign of thoughts in the mind of The Great Muse Writer; we are merely images in the mind of our creator. We live when he puts pen to paper, we die when he controls our Fates.

"I'm sitting in the cockpit, I've a steel cage surrounding me and every movement in me is reverberated against the thick-clank metal circumference. Trying is failing. Do be, do be, you scum-muffet. Trials and tribulations ginger in taste and ailing in vocal ministration: I speak to the masses and half the crassers wrap their minds on my vociferousness…

"Limp loquaciousness, travelling at 15 miles per second, the Time of Death is unknown, the Time of Life is forever being repeated in dilatory strays. Infinite perimeter, finite area. God is a semicircle. If God is everything, he can't be nothing because nothing is what God isn't. What isn't God is nothing, but nothing is something when words are put to define it.

"Envision, sweet folks, the return of a hero from his epic journey. Imagine that he was seeking the golden elixir in a faraway city, within the very depths of human activity. Say, for instance, that he descended into the unknown and came back with an answer. We have all stood on each our stepladder and have given you by way of rite the truth we found on our day of descending, or entering the mouth of dream heaven. Now we enter the REAL heaven, the cloudy reverie is dissolved, all that's left is the true heavenstuff. Three out of four have entered the bewildering unknown for good.

"What was noticed in their twisted grins as they slowly faded out of existence? One laughed, one cried, the other stayed silent. Dying during a pause… well, they are gone now, and what was the lesson to be learned? A cure is in effect. Merely listening to us is cause for worship in the annals of malady. We are the LIVING CURE!!! Our words are useless but the sound of our voices is mighty. Circumnavigation in the miry waters of river Lethe… river of forgetfulness…

"I'll say it straight: listen to my voice. The words that seep through my lips are just mental connections between internal and external stimuli. They are not to be heeded. We brought everyone here on this fine day so that the vibrations of air molecules that we emit in sermons may be soothing and may cure you of the aforesaid disease. Listen carefully, my words are not to be heeded! Words are nothing more than tongue/lip/nasal cavity activity, they are not the end-all, know-all manifestation of philosophy or religious learning. Words can only meet you halfway, the rest must be walked with feelings—

"'Reach out with your feelings,' said a renowned Jedi. No measured distance of listening will take you through the process of ablution. You have to DO, and be silent in DOING. What seas we plunge into when we say 'hear not my words'. We are however diligent in learning, but words we mistake as the product of wisdom. Words are just streams of vociferate air sculptures. Truth is deeper than that. Truth is silent, truth is unfathomable. You only THINK you KNOW, and you KNOW NOTHING.

"With this, I may describe the process of effervescence from existence. You are conceived. You are born. You live a full life. You die. The point of Death goes through many stages. There's Being Silent. There's Being The Unknown. There is Pretending To Not Exist. There is Returning To Life For Another Bite. Then you ascend the shaft of light that pulls you towards its apex, its miserable zenith. But the zenith is also the nadir: heaven knows no SPACE. Heaven is solid, it moves not. It has a great foundation. So I say: 'Be like heaven!' Build your castle and live in it and build it on firm ground. The aforesaid malady can only be extinguished once we have all contracted it. When we build our castles on the firmness of The Meta-Brain Psychosis, we will have results.

"It is the META brain because it supersedes justice of rightmindedness. The virus lives on a higher dimensional plane and FEEDS on our present 4D reality. The cure, therefore, is in a higher realm: heaven. And by discovering the point where one enters heaven, or hell respectively (both being meta-worlds), we latch onto its edge and are carried into its realisation.

"The process is almost done with. We have three out of four radar-satellites which are sending locative points to the mainframe CPU in the Mojave Desert. That's where our Lozenge Board is abiding. I've just been told that we have found three of the four corners of The Square of Heaven, the Cartesian Plane of the Firmament, and that my Time has come. I say goodbye, I say that you must all find truth within yourselves, and that one out of every ten persons is required to send an annual report to Central Basis in the Mojave. There, someone will tell you the steps to take to realise the meta-cure, and one exists, as we are in the process of discovering."

Another cigarette. Discovery of the meta-cure lies in focusing on the outer extremities of existence. Its laws are existential. It's faddish. Fourteen cubits full. The Diary of a Madman has been written well over a hundred times.

Illustrious pathogen, you walk a bacterium life to and fro the length of success in phagus of my phallus. What laugh hath he that troubles come to perspire lowlily, with fragrances of joy myosis in the eye. Reflect, pupil, the darling ripple of daylight, repose in the implosion of reluctant reality marbles, stone in advance to the lateral movement of dayshade to noonlux… if everything was grey, what displeasure to the eyeballs? Churning pages and turning in the stomach… center of digestion… and fibulas torn in mountainclimbs make dilatory mazes of Time… we were lost and now we're found… what a glass circle to enter in the stony grill of positive reflux…

Called in life to be a poet, licensed by God to sing as songster to the lulled-roomy tangent-house of gay puzzles written in cryptic solutions on the mirror of the brain… left to right, oscillating freely like a broom closet with unction of disappearance… where did you leave the dustpan, honey? Delicious cucumber, art thou a pleasure to the soul? What makes thee rot, you glib function of disaster? Ah, the asters are dysfunctional… astrous asters, discomforting… Finnish tasters tasty…

Indubitable morning dance, flagrantly delirious, sizing the countryside to paint a portrait of the blue panorama… distance makes round the longer of the sounds… what penetrating school ships students to their holy Mars, and to what name inherits thee a pocket of golden nuggetry? Suiting the martyr, blackening the stormy waters, high, black and blue, whispering daughter's rain to melancholy sufferance… and dingy rooms voice a cleaning lady's raw housing… where the minutes tick…. and life is a bore but for the imagination of man and woman alike… akin to stars in their neural networks… a matrix mesh of broken body parts lingering on stone, mixed with floating atoms in the air we breathe… concave glass for broke, drunk electrons roaming on the border, luckily flying with hasty wastes… clustered reality digest, broken panorama leakage… the eye is the stone amulet and I am the ghost in my own youth…

Waffles drowned in syrup. Sugary sweets of blind confection. Symbols have lost their meaning, a tree is no longer a tree, it's a mess of molecular dyspepsia… the machine is locked into place, take-off is in nineteen seconds… the prison door is ajar, askew, askance… dancing… suddenly I realise I don't need my moon to ride my way home… she is starlight amplified, and I can do it on my own now… but what beauty is inlaid in the cataclysmic starwork, warring with my brain in battles of importance… I save my soul every second I write my diabolic plots… rich in diadem… with minutes ever-rolling… home… and with a coat of arms as signifying as a singling string vignette, I rove on the range…

This is an epilogue in three parts. First it's an acid flashback. Then it's the return of the lost ecclesiastics, and then it's a conclusion on the nature of my inherent viral contagion. And their voices live on, resonating: *"Live you not a problematic existence?"*

That's exactly it! I live a problematic existence. My problems are with perception, and perception is the tool of existence in the human body. Or is it a by-product? However, it hurts to bleed with your mind, endrenched in foggy mires, dualistic in thumping fumps… loosened grin of Gaelic sustenance, Druidic farts piecemeal ruminating on gas enigmas…

Green virago, stumbling in a line-up gauntlet in its pulchritude… and the lives of many make up for lost time in esoteric mysticisms. I give a side-glance to my peripherals… dutiful in night's grey twink, supple and chaste bewandering the grove…

Night is a king of shining reflected mirrorings in the waters of the vitreous pond. Glazy girlishness, front-prone, bustling, raging as songs make lift of sentient punctuation… in zero vicissitude, glory eyes and festive lingering…

Who makes your bed when you're asleep? Classical witticisms. Stone moon goddess. Soonly moaning repress the diffident carousel of summer whiz-kiss Copernicustic… phases of the phrases… and a bilious-green tomato portico… what makes light in the elusive dark? A rat Tobago, theologian in his mystery, bland and bright in wonkytonk evasive listening…

Smoke exhalation makes a skull in waves of endearment. Detonation is in service. Cloister of didymium, planky in a tanky, thanksy. Secularising host of chagrin perpendiculars. In full swing of things. Repetition is the mother of defection.

I'm the antagonist. I'm the Plague. I'm the Meta-Brain. *"What rests in the palm of your hand is a hyperdimensional co-reality of existent/locative Cartesian co-ordinates of Time and Space in the federal continuum of inter-planetary relinquishment."*

They were all killed unexpectedly. The moment of death was uncertain to them. They were pushed off the stepladder one at a time and when they least expected it. The cure is not Death, nor Life, it's deeper than that. It's paradimensional. I have found my own cure for my own self-diagnosis. I leave it to you to discover the cure within yourself to your very own Plague. What's bugging you?

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THE END

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